

THE
RUMP:
OR
The Mirrour
OF
The late Times.
A NEW
COMEDY,

Written by J. TATHAM, Gent.

Acted Many Times with Great
Applause,
At the Private House in Dorset-Court.

London, Printed by W. Goulbird for R. Bloomc. 1660.

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RAMP

OR
The Mirror
OF

The late Times

A NEW

COMEDY

Written by J. T. A. M. G.

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden

By the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden

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Dramatis Personæ.

- B**ertram. } Competitors for the Protectorship.
 Woodfleet. }
 Stoneware. A Scotch Laird, President of the Committee
 of Safety.
 Lockhart. A Lawyer, of the same Committee.
 Desborough, }
 Hufon. } Collonels, and of the same Committee.
 Cobbet. }
 Duckinfield. }
 Lady Bertram. Wife to Lord Bertram.
 Mrs. Cramwell. Olivers Widow.
 Lady Woodfleet.
 3. Ladyes.
 Prissilla. Woman to Lady Bertram.
 Walker. Secretary to Lord Bertram.
 French Monsieur.
 4. Prentices.
 4. Soldiers.
 2. Clerks, and 2. Doorkeepers to the Committee.

PROLOGUE.



PROLOGUE.

THe Author not distrustful of his Play,
Leaves Cuslomes Road, and walks another way.
Expect not here Language Three Stories high;
Star-searing Strains fit not a Comedy.
Here's no Elaborate Scenes, for he confesses
He took no pains in't, Truth doth need no Dresses.
No Amorous Puling passions, here the Lord
And Lady rather differ then accord.
What can be in't, you say, if none of these?
It is all one, he's sure the thing will please
The truly Loyal Party; But what then?
Why, truly he thinks them the better men.

But if in's Progress he does chance to hit
Hab nab on something that may sound like Wit,
Pray take no notice of't; for if you doe,
You'l spoyle the Poet, and the Players too;
They will grow proud upon't, and in the Street
In stead of Cringing, Nod to those they meet.
Yet now I think on't, 'twill not be amiss,
We'd rather have your Plaudit then your Hiss:
And promise faithfully we will endeavour,
If you do favour this, to please you ever.

PROLOGUE

ACT.

ACTUS Primus. SCÆNA Prima.

Enter three or four Souldier's severally.

1. Souldier.

2. Souldier.

1. Souldier.

A H, Rogues, the business is done,
In a dish I Warrant you,
And thrown out oth' Windows:
The Town's Our own, Boys,

3. Souldier. And all the Wealch in'r.

1. Souldier. And Wenches to boot Boyes.

2. Souldier. Boot me no Boots, 'tis Bootless, 'till we
have 'um,

4. Souldier. Those are Commodities, I confess I fain
would truck for.

1. Souldier. Thou shalt have them by the Belly, Lad.

4. Souldier. Rare Recruits after a long March!

1. Souldier. Gramercy Bertlam.

2. Souldier. Heroick Bertlam.

3. Souldier. The Man of Men and Might.

1. Souldier. We were Oppos'd, and even at Push a Pike
for't; though a wet Morning, 'twould have been dry Ser-
vice had We gon to'r.

2. Souldier. Dry blows would ne're have done't, some
must have sweet blood for't; but 'tis prevented.

1. Souldier. The Nail of Providence was in'r.

B

2. Sout-

2. *Souldier*. Or the parings rather; but no matter which, 'tis done.

1. *Souldier*. *Leymor* was a Scubborn Lad, yet *Berilam* fitted him, and in his kind too, his Rhetorick silenced the Mouth of his Pistol; it had sent a bad Report else, and a home one: But *Berilam*, brave *Berilam*, that carries Charms on the Tip of his Tongue, acted the part both of a Souldier and a Courtier, an Enemy, and a Friend, Exposing his Breast to danger, under the Canopy of Security; And all this for Us you knaves. He told 'um a fair Tale, but means to trust them no further then he can fling 'um:

2. *Souldier*. That's some out of Commission,

4. *Souldier*. Or into Prison, or both.

1. *Souldier*. We may Lads in time grow up to something.

2. *Souldier*. Ill Weeds grow apace, Brother, and thou art one of them, and in time mayst reach the Gallows.

1. *Souldier*. Speak for your self, Brother, I need not your Oratory; well, *Berilam* has Wit at Will, *Woodstess*'s an Ass to him.

2. *Souldier*. A meer Milk-sop.

3. *Souldier*. A Whey-brain'd fellow.

2. *Souldier*. And of Courage as cold as a Cucumber.

4. *Souldier*. A Fool in Folio.

1. *Souldier*. Ambitious Pupper.

2. *Souldier*. A general in the Hangings, and no better.

3. *Souldier*. What think you of *Vane*?

1. *Souldier*. As of a Vain fellow.

3. *Souldier*. And what of *Haslerigge*?

1. *Souldier*. A Hangman for *Haslerigge*, I cry.

2. *Souldier*. One and all, One and all.

1. *Souldier*. 'Tis *Berilam* for my Money Boys, he is Our General, Our Protector, Our King, Our Emperor, Our *Cesar*, Our *Keasar*, Our ——— Even what he pleaseth himself.

2. *Souldier*. If he pleaseth himself, he shall please me.

1. *Soul-*

1. *Souldier*. He is Our rising Sun, and Wee'l adore him :

3. *Souldier*. For the Speakers Glory's fit

1. *Souldier*. At nought Boy ; how the Slave look'd when
his Coach was stop'd ?

4. *Souldier*. Like a Dog outlaw'd, the Pallar of his
Breech fell down with fear.

1. *Souldier*. He told Us he was our Generall.

2. *Souldier*. Of what ? Bills, Bonds, and Obligations,
or Green-sleeves and Pudding-pies.

1. *Souldier*. And we told him he was an Old doring
fool, and bad him get him home, and take a Cawdle of
Calves Eggs to Comfort his Learned Coxcomb, for he
look'd but faintly on'r.

3. *Souldier*. And what said he ?

1. *Souldier*. Said he ! I prethee what could he say that
We would admit for a reasonable answer ? We were better
princip'l'd then so, Reason and our business were two
things, what We did We did, that was Our Will, and
the word of Command lodg'd in Our hilts. Alas poor
Worm, Cobbet and *Duckingsfield* shew'd him Cockpit Law,
and O're-rul'd his Rolls, he understood not the Souldiers
Dialect, the searching Language of the Sword puzzl'd his
Intellect, the Keennes whereof would have prov'd too
sharp for his Wit, had he been Obstinate or persisted in the
Interpretation ; and therefore very mannerly he kist his
hand and wheel'd about

2. *Souldier*. To the place from whence he came,

3. *Souldier*. And e're long to the place of Execution.

1. *Souldier*. No, hang him, he will have his Clergy.

2. *Souldier*. Is he such an Infidel to love them ?

1. *Souldier*. Yes, as We do Barbers, that is, while they
are Trimming Us ; hee'd fain go *À la mode* to Heaven.

2. *Souldier*. If his foot slip not, but if it do, his finery
is spoil'd, he will be so footif'd.

1. *Souldier*. He that deals with Pitch must expect no
better, black will to black, quoth the Divel to the Collier,
but, dost thou think there is a Heaven or Hell ?

2. *Souldier*. Why dost thou ask me that question? I am a Souldier, and so art thou, let's ne're trouble Our heads about it, a short life, and a merry life I cry, happy Man be his Dole.

3. *Souldier*. And so say I, while We are here, We are here; when We are gone, We are gone, for better or for worse, for rich or for poor; amongst the good or the bad We shall finde room I warrant thee Lad, and Our General can expect no more.

2. *Souldier*. And now you have put Us in mind of Our General, I mean *Bertilam*, (not *Woodfleet*) (that Son of a Custard-maker, alwayes quaking) let us as bravely spend his this days benevolence, as he Nobly intended it.

3. *Souldier*. A good Resolution.

1. *Souldier*. Rather a proposition, Brother; but where, how, and in what?

2. *Souldier*. Not in Rot-gut Beer, I will assure you, or Muddy Ale, Wine for my money.

1. *Soul*. Wine is the life of Action, 'tis Decreed and I obey.

Blood requires blood, then from the Purple Grape
I'll suck my fill, spite of you, Jack a Nape:
There's Poetry for you, Gentlemen.

2. *Soul*. A Pin for your Poetry, March upon'r. *Exeunt.*
They go out, and come in again at the other end of the Stage.

1. *Souldier*. Bring us Wine there, come who sings?

A Song for the Souldiers.

2. *Soul*. Though the Morning was wet,

We are merrily met

In a house more dry then Our skin, Boys;

Wee'l drink down the day,

Ne're question Our Pay,

Let them heartily laugh out that win, Boys:

Chor. Then drink a full Brimmer to him that intends
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.

Let

11. Let let him flatter and lie;
 What is't to thee or I,
 And Ape *Noll* in ev'ry Condition;
 If we thrive upon't,
 Let all the world want,
 And the City kneel down and petition:
Chor. Then drink a full Brimmer to him that intends,
 For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.
Souldiers. Hey Boys, come away. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Bertlam*, and *Walker* his *Secretary*.

Bertlam. Trotter.

Secretary. My Lord?

Bertlam. Has *Lockwhite* been here yet?

Secretary. Not yet, my Lord, Sir——

Bertlam. What wouldst thou have?

Secretary. Nothing, my Lord, not I.

Bertlam. Thou hast not thy name for nothing, I see
 thy Tongue will keep pace with thy wit, and still be
 Trotting, I reth thee leave off thy Impertinences, I have
 told thee enough on't.

Secretary. Why my Lord, and it shall please you.

Bertlam. I tell thee it does not please me, 'tis my fear
 thou'lt be my shame, I sent thee into *France* to learn
 some breeding, and thou rendrest me the poorest and the
 pittifull'st Accompt that ever Porter gave on a sleight
 Errand. Dost thou keep Company?

Secretary. Yes, my Lord.

Bertlam. What are they, of what sort?

Secretary. Of the better, Sir.

Bertlam. 'Tis strange! thy knowledge being so bad:
 Are they Men of Intelligence?

Secretary. I think so, my Lord.

Bertlam. You think so! sad, I professe 'tis very sad;
 were.

were it my Case as it is yours, and it behoves you, as you assume the Title of a Secretary ;) I'de draw Mens Souls out by Inspeculation, and in the Inquest of their Faculties cull out such matter as would yield advantage to him I had relation to, and without this, thou neither dost deserve the place thou hast, nor art thou fit for Company.

Secretary. My Lord, I have done my Endeavour.

Bertlam. A weak one, let *Thurloe* be your President.

Secretary. When your Lordship is Translated to your Highness, and that you have Command of the Publick Purse, I shall be as ready to waste it, as he or the proudest of 'um, but I am but a fool to Explain my self.

Bertlam. That time is drawing neer.

Secr. In the mean time I have not been idle, I have done something.

Bertlam. What hast thou done that may deserve Recording.

Secretary. Why, I have Endeavour'd to find how the Common Cry of the Town goes, as to this days business.

Bertlam. That's something indeed, and how do the People relish it ?

Secretary. Relish it ! why truly Sir it is thought——

Bertlam. Thou wilt return to thy Vomit.

Secretary. Why truly Sir it is thought, and if I may speak my thoughts freely, the *Rump* was but a sinking *Rump*, and sented so ill in the Nostrils of the People that they fear'd a sudden Plague attended the Concavity, and with much Joy blest the Rue and Wormword you brought to their Conservation.

Bertlam. Dost thou know what thou sayst ?

Secretary. I could say more, Sir.

Bertlam. To as little purpose--begon, I would be private---yet if *Lockwhite* come admit him.

Secretary. Nay my Lord, I warrant here will be the whole fry presently.

Bertlam. Thou a Secretary, and talk so like a Fisherman; what Fry, you fool ?

Secr.

Secretary. *Woodfleet* and the rest, Sir.

Bertlam. My minde is not at rest while thou art here.

Begon——

Exit Secretary.

I wonder *Lockwhite* comes not? hee's a Man

Has run all hazzards, with as good success,

Except Old *Noll*, as any Man I know;

He was his Creature, and he now is mine,

And hitherto he has perform'd his part

In my Revenge upon that family,

So home, even to their doors, that my disgrace

Lies buried in their Infamy——How now——

Enter Secretary and Lockwhite.

Secretary. My Lord, he's come.

Bertlam. 'Tis well——Leave Us.

My Lord, how goes *Caufes*?

Lockwhite. They cannot go amiss, Sir,

Whil'st you are Advocate.

Bertlam. The Sword thou meanest,

That must decide all Controversies.

Lockwhite. It will do much Sir, but Pollicy puts the
best Edge to't.

Bertlam. And that you have, come my Lord be free,
Where shall We set up Our Rest?

We have had Tossing times.

Lockwhite. Indeed, my Lord, Time hath been tost in a
Blanquet; but I hope now We shall use time better
then so.

Bertlam. As how?

Lockwhite. You may Trim him, Sir,
You have him by the foretop.

Bertlam. If I thought so, I'de hold him fast.

Lockwhite. Now, or never, If you let slip your hold you
are undonz, *ant Caesar ant Nullus.*

Bertlam. But the *Remora* to that is *Woodfleet.*

Lockwhite. Alas! you know him, Sir.

Bertlam. True, he's but of a softly Nature.

Lockwhite. A fine Commendation for a General, that
should be rough as Warre it self, but he has a soft
place

place in his head too , and that's worse , how ever he's a fit Subject for your purpose, and therefore, Sir , use him as *Cataline* did *Lentulus* , drill him along with hope that all this tends to his onely advancement , fools are soon perswaded ; And believe me (my Lord) that was the very Engine made him consent to th' blowing up of his Brother, a Gentleman in some sense better qualified.

Bertram. I, but a small Nutshel I am confident may with ease contain both their Courages, yet I know *Woodfleet* will flee (he dare not grin) after Honour, and is as greedy on't, as a Cat is of a dish of Milk.

Lockwhite. 'Twill be ill bellow'd, Sir, if it light on him.

Bertram. What, a Dish of Milk?

Lockwhite. You misinterpret me, Honour I meant Sir , If you make him groom of your Close-stool, 'Twill draw more from your goodness than his Merit, And keep his wife in Smocks too, during pleasure, That will be (Sir) your Highness pleasure.

Bertram. It is not come to that yet.

Lockwhite. *Oliver* had it, his time is past, and your time's coming on, Princes have power o're th' persons of both Sexes.

Bertram. Name him no more, I hate his memory.

Lockwhite. I confess I do not much care for't, yet I hate nothing brought, or brings me profit. I lov'd the Father of the Heroicks, while he had a pow'r to do me good , that failing, my reason did direct me to that Party then prevailing, the fagg end of the Parliament. What though I took the Oath of Allegiance as *Oliver*, your Lordship, and others did, (without the which I could not have sat there?) yet it Conducing not to Our Advantage, It was an ill Oath, better broke then kept , and so are all Oaths in the stricter sense, the Laws of Nature and of Nations do dispense with matters of Divinity in such a case , for no Man willingly would be an Enemy to himselfe , the very Beasts doe by instinct of Nature seek for self-preservation, why not Man who is the Lord of Reason?

Oaths

Oaths, what are they, but Bubbles, that break with their own Empriness.

Bertlam. You say very right, my Lord, I am of your Opinion.

Lockwhite. Yet the Pulpiteirs belch forth Fire and Brimstone against it: But my Lord, how could I have serv'd my Countrey, by setting the *Dane* and *Sweed* by the Ears, while the Thread for a Protectorian interest was spinning here? how could I have carried on, or rather promoted the Design for *Jamaica*, (though it went in *Revilo's* name?) how could I have lapt off those ill branches to the Common wealth, the Cavaliers and *Effex* his discontented Reformadoes? how could I have shew'd my self loyal to your Interest, by fooling *Fleerwood* in the disseat of *Dick*, by his dissolving the honest Parliament as they call it, and bringing in the Odious *Rump*? how could I in my Speech at the Councel of State, have raked up *Revilo's* ashes, by bespattering him and his family, and told *Iretou*, how Providence had brought things about, and that the hand of the Lord was in't, when I meant nothing lesse? how could I (under favour) have advised you to this days Enterprize, if I should have startled, or scrupl'd at Oaths, preferred honesty or Divinity before temporal interest or humane reason? I desire (my Lord) in this case you will be my Judge.

Bertlam. Nay, my Lord, you are your own Judge in this Case, but in my Opinion you have done your self but Justice.

Lockwhite. And he that will not do Justice to himself, will never do it to another.

Bertlam. You advise well.

Lockwhite. My Lord, take it from me, He that will live in this world, must be endowed with these three rare Qualities; Dissimulation, Equivocation, and Mental reservation.

Enter *Walker*.

Bertram. How now, the news with you.

Secretary. The Lord *Woodfleet*, Sir.

Bertram. What of him?

Secretary. My Lord, he is come, Sir.

Bertram. Prethee—— Thy wit and his may walk together, admit him—— I knew I should be troubled with him.

Exit Walker.

Lockwhite. I doubt not but you have prepar'd your self for the Encounter.

Enter *Woodfleet*.

Bertram. I am pretty well Antidoted 'gainst the Poyson, He's here—— My Lord, your most submissive Servant.

Lockwhite. My Lord, I cannot Complement, but I am in heart your Creature, that is, at your disposal.

Woodfleet. Seriously, I profess, I cannot reach your meaning, Gentlemen.

Bertram. Our meaning's not amiss, Sir, We know Sir, what we say.

Woodfleet. Indeed, I profess I believe so Gentlemen, I hope things are now in the Lords handling, and will go on well, and become the doings of Christians.

Lockwhite. The Government has been all this while in the horrid hands of Infidels, Jews, Pagans and Turks—— I must make him up a Medley. [*Aside to Bertram*.]

Woodfleet. Yea, Abomination hath been in the hands of Iniquity.

Bertram. But, my Lord, those hands are now cut off, and all our Ambition is, that your Lordship would take the Government into the white hands of your goodness.

Woodfleet. Who I, Gentlemen—— Seriously—— I profess—— Indeed—— And by yea and nay law—— You shame me—— So you doe! I can say no more, alas! I!

Lockwhite. You—— Why, my Lord, if you knew your self as well as I do, you would say more.

Woodfleet. Truly, I think, I have been something in my time,

Bertram.

Bertl. Something! You have been more then something.
Lockwhite. That's stark nought, (my Lord) but it shall
 pass. *Aside.*

Within, where's my Lord Bertlam? where's my Lord Bertlam?

Enter Walker.

Bertlam. What's the meaning of this?

Secretary. The Lord *Stonware*, the Lord *Huson*, Colonel
Cobbet, Colonel *Duckinsfeld*, and others, desire your favour-
 able and Courteous Admittance, Sir.

Bertlam. By all means, let them Enter: but my Lord
 be sparing of your Speech, for these are Carching fellows,
 and will interpret strangely, Our aim is onely to advance
 your Interest.

Woodfleet. You know my Lord, I can keep my Tongue
 within my Teeth, sometimes.

Lockwhite. 'Tis a high point of Wisdom in you, Sir.

Woodfleet. Oddso they are here, I cry Mum—

Enter Stonware, Desborough, Huson, Cobbet, Duckinsfeld.

Lockwhite. The less you speak, the better 'twill be, Sir.

Bertlam. My Lord *Stonware*.

Stonware. *Many Benisons lye on you for this days work*
my good Lord.

Desborough. How do you do my Lord *Woodfleet*? how
 do you my Lord *Bertlam*, how do you my Lord *Lockwhite*?
 and how do you all? Hah.

Woodfleet. The better for your asking, Sir.

Desborough. Say you so, then I'll ask again, and how?
 and how?

Huson. And what? and what?

Cobbet. Your Language cannot be Translated, Brother.

Huson. Let them take me by the meaning then.

Stonware. *By th' Members, hawd there my Lord, 'tis sero,*
and saw pley, Sirs,

Duckinfield. My Lords, I have not been backward in this days business, nor any here I think.

Bertilam. 'Tis confest (Sir) what would you infer farther upon't?

Duckinfield. And therefore requisite We should know how things will go.

Lockwhite. As they may Sir, soft fire makes sweet Malt, you know that Colonel.

Desborough. And that I know very well too, and you have said very well, as much as a Man can say, and no more.

Huson. And that's enough.

Duckinfield. But We are in a *Chaos*, a Confusion.

Huson. A meer *Chaos*, a Confusion.

Cobbet. And the People expect suddenly something from Us.

Lockw. Why Gentlemen, *Rome* was not built in a day.

Stonware. *Mickle Wisdome geod feath in that, Sirs, there's Mickle wisdome in that I se sure yee.*

Bertilam. At three a Clock we'll meet at *Wallingford-House*, and discuss the business further, what say you my Lord?

Woodfleet. I profess I say so too, at three a Clock bee't Gentlemen, what say you?

Duckinfield. } Wee'l waite upon you my Lords—

Huson. *Cobbet.* } Your Servants.

Exeunt Duckinfield, Huson, Cobbet.

Desbor. I protest I am glad of this withal my heart, for I have business in *Smishfield* where my Horse stands, now it comes in my mind, on my Conscience the Roguish Officer has not given him Oates to day, and the Knaves Hay is Musty too; well, my Man is such another Ass, farewell Gentlemen, I'll see you anon, if I come not soon enough, pray keep me a place in the Council, or let my Vote stand for one, no matter how. *Exit.*

Stonware. *An geod rason too my Loord, he's a brann Mon this; my Leords yee kenn him weele enough.*

Lockw.

Lockwhite. And you too, Sir.

Bertlam. Come my Lord *Stonware*, We presume you are a knowing Man, to what kind of Government stand you affected?

Stonware. E'ne tol' what ye please Sir.

Lockwhite. What think you of a Single person? here's my Lord *Woodfleet*.

Stonware. Marry an he's a braw Man, Sir, bet are ye in good earnest Sirs.

Bertlam. What else, my Lord.

Stonware. Bred a God Ise for him than.

Lockwhite. You see, my Lord, how heaven does raise you friends.

Woodfleet. Seriously I profess my Lord you know, 'tis none of my seeking.

Aside.

Lockwhite. Nor is like to be of your enjoyin'—
My Lord, a word with you, what if my Lord *Bertlam* were the Man?

Stonware. Right Sir—Ou'z in on word ya ha spoken aw, Sir, he's a Mon, inded Mon, gif *Stonware* ha any braines Sir.

Lockwhite. You will live I see Sir—My Lord he's your friend now.

Bertlam. No matter whose, he's a required Property, and must be used by some body—And why so Melancholly, my Lord?

Woodfleet. I profess not I, I was thinking 'twas Dinner time.

Bertlam. Will your Lordship please to take part of our small Cheer?

Woodfleet. No indeed my Lord I thank you, not I, my wife I profess stays for me, adue Gentlemen all—

Exit Woodfleet.

Omnes. Your Servants my Lord.

Bertlam. Nor you my Lord *Stonware*?

Stonware. Ne in good feath, Sir, pardon me, Ise invited by a gay Mon-Sirs, tol platters of bra Capons Sir, and aw
the

the soles in the Eyre, Sirs, I am marry Sirs, tol one a my none
Countrey men ta, geod feath now.

Bertram. If you please to stay my Lord, y'are welcom.

Stonware. Gods Benizon and mine lite on you, Sir, geod
feath, y'are like a bra Mon, 'twould berst a Mons hert to part
fro yee, I se ee'n yar humble Servant my geod Loord.

Bertram. You'l stay then.

Stonware. I marry Sir, wi yar none sell tol deeth Sir, gif
ye ta plase Sir.

Woodfleet. I knew, a small hair would have drawn him
to your Table, without this adoe.

Bertram. My Lord, lead Lockwhite the way.

Stonware. Ater yee is geod manners Sir—— Speaking to
the L. Lockwhite,

Lockwhite. That's more then you know—— My Lord
I am your Servant.

Bertram. Well I'll break off the Complement then,
Exeunt.

ACT the II. SCENE the I.

Enter the Lady Bertram, and Prissilla her Woman.

Lady Bertram. Priss, Priss.
Prissilla. Madam.

Lady Bertram. Why, how now Priss? where hast thou
left thy breeding, in thy other Pocket? Art thou not
read in Times and Seasons?

Prissilla. I never was such a fool to put trust in Alma-
nack-makers yet, Madam,

Lady

Lady Bertlam. What a Wench art thou ? and why *Madam*, prethee ? there's a word indeed, as Common as the Cries about the Town.

Prissilla. Your Ladyship hath us'd me to'r.

Lady Bertlam. I'll break that Custome, 'tis a rude one ; hast thou no wit Wench ? canst thou pick out no better title for me.

Prissilla. Insooth I cannot reach it yet, *Madam*.

Lady Bertlam. Reach a fools head of thy own, sure thou art Mad, Wench.

Prissilla. The Secretary indeed sayes I am a Mad Wench, but I thank my Stars I can make a fool of Twenty such as he is, *Madam*.

Lady Bertlam. Agen, can flesh and blood endure this, I must new Mold thy Manners, *Madam* ! there's a Gamblers title, out upon't.

Prissilla. Seriously I know not by what other Names or Titles to distinguish you, *Madam*.

Lady Bertlam. I profess thou art dull, abominable dull ; dost thou not know upon what Score my dear, and second-self is gon to *Wallingford-House*.

Prissilla. How should I *Madam*, I cannot Divine ?

Lady Bertlam. Lord help thy head, why, he is gon to be made a made a Man Wench.

Prissilla. Was he not so before, if not, your Ladyship hath had but an ill time on't.

Lady Bertlam. The Prince of Men, you Baggage ; thou art such a dull one.

Prissilla. I cannot help it, *Madam*, while I remain in Ignorance.

Lady Bertlam. I see I must open thy Eyes by way of Explanation ; Then know that from henceforth I will be call'd her *Highbness*.

Prissilla. Nay, now you tell me what you would be call'd, I shall Obey your *Highbness*.

Lady Bertlam. It will do well, and 'twill be but your Duty, prethee tell me, how dost think I shall Behave my self in't ?

She starts.

Prissilla. Highly well, you cannot choose, you begin so soon, if it shall please your *Highness*.

Lady Bertlam. I think I am better shap'd for't *She surveys her self.*
 then *Joan*, or what do you call her *Cromwell*.

Priss. Abundantly, for at her best She was but a bundle of F—*Madam*—Lord, I am so forgetful, *Highness* I should have said.

Lady Bertlam. That's the Word, Con it, *Priss* repeats to her selfe, *Highness*, *Highness*, *Highness*, *Highness*, *Highness*. Enter *Walker*.
 and be perfect in't, or I profess you and I shall part——

What's the Newes with you?

Am I sent for to *Wallingford-House*?

Secretary. No, *Madam*.

Lady Bertlam. What a beetle-headed fellow's this.

Prissilla. *Highness*, you Changling; you must call her *Highness*. *Prissilla* pulls him by the skirt.

Secretary. No, and it shall please your *Highness*.

Lady Bertlam. It pleases me very well, *She struts it, and surveys her self.*
 What's your business?

Secretary. *Gammer Cromwell* would speak a word or two with your *Highness*.

Lady Bertlam. Bid the poor Woman waite without, I'll do her what good I can for her Childrens sake.

Prissilla. Or rather for Husbands sake, if it shall please your *Highness*; good turns ought not to be forgotten.

Lady Bertlam. Thou say'st true, One good turn requires another, he was, I confess, a Man every Inch of him.

Prissilla. I, and though he was out with my Lord many times, he would be in with you, as the saying is, and please your *Highness*.

Lady Bertlam. Well, I care not if I go to her.

Prissilla. Your *Highness* will decline much your State then.

Lady Bertlam. Say'st thou so *Priss*, *Walker* admit her, I'll hear what the poor Creature can say for her self.

Exit Walker.

Enter

Enter *Walker*, and *Mistress Cromwell* the Elder.

Mrs. Cromwell. I thought I should have staid at the door 'till Midnight; Marry come up *Mrs. Minks*. Is there such a doe to speak with you? No marvail indeed.

Lady Bertlam. Prethee woman, what would't have?

Mrs. Cromwell. Thy Husband by the Throat, had I him here; and I could finde in my heart in the mean time, to claw thy Byes out, and make thee wear black patches for something, thou proud Imperious Slut thou.

Lady Bertlam. The Woman sure is lately come from *Billinggate*: *Pris*, ask her how goes Oysters there.

Pris. She's very quick of hearing, and't please your Highness.

Mrs. Cromwell. *Highness* in the Devils Name, it is not come to that sure yet, is it? hah! Thy Husband may be hang'd first like a Crafty knave as he is; Did my Husband make him a Lord for this? to Ruine our Family? Or as the Word is indeed, *Trapan'um*? Curs on the time thy Husband was born, he fool'd my Son in Law to betray the Innocent Babe my poor Child *Richard*, that Our Fames are now brought to the Slaughter houses, and the very Names of the *Cromwells* will become far more Odious then ever *Needham* could make the *Hernicks*; Wo worth the time.

Lady Bertlam. *Pris*, I pitty the Creature, ne're trust me, alas it Weeps.

Mrs. Cromwell. Thou ly'st Baggage; I scorn thy pitty, my Spirit is above it——Let me come at her——As old as I am, I can spoile that fine face, my dear, deceased Lord, did so much dote on, let me come at her, Hands off, I'll do't, thou *Jezabell*. *Pris*'s holds her.

Lady Bertlam. She begins to rave, send her to *Bedlam* among her Conforts.

Walker. I promise you, you shall have clean straw
Mrs. Cromwell.

D

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Out Rogue, Rascal, Vagabon, a fellow rais'd from the Horse heels, do it thou upbraid me too? Ile be the death of thee, if thou com'st neer me. Oh *Dick*, *Dick*, had'st thou had but thy Fathers *She falls Spirit*, thy Mother ne're had come unto this back into a Chair, Shame.

Lady Bertlam. *Pris*, a Cordial presently, Odds so *She faints*.

Pris. I run, and't please your Highness,--- *Prissilla goes in and enters immediately.*

Lady Bertlam. Prethee give it her, I would not for a hundred pound *She* should die here, we should be put to th^e Charge of burying her. *Then Pris offers her the Cordial, She starts up and with her hand casts it on the ground.*

Prissilla. 'Tis a pretious Cordial-Water of my own making, *Madam*, I hope there's no offence in that.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. I need it not, proud Woman, I Divine this Scorne will be Reveng'd on thee and thine. *Exit.*

Lady Bertlam. Farewel Nought, Th'art better lost then sought.

Prissilla. She has a Notable Spirit of her own.

Lady Bertlam. 'Twill get her nothing, She beats against the Wind.

Prissilla. She's Wind fall'n, and't please your Highness.

Lady Bertlam. 'Tis an ill Wind they say bloughs no body good, let her rave, and raile, my dearest second-self will fare the better for'r.

Prissilla. The fox fares best when he is curst.

Walker. *Pris*, *Pris*, a word or two, *As they are going off, the Secretary pulls Pris by the Sleeve.*

Prissilla. Why how now Sawce? Plain *Pris*? Am not I her Highness Maid of Honour?

Walker. I know thou art a Maid of Honour, but the meaning of this, dear *Pris*?

Prissilla. The meaning of what, thou Novice?

Walker.

Walker. That *Madam* is so suddenly turn'd to *Highness*, Is my Lord made Protector?

Pris. No, you Dunce; well, thou art the simpl'st Secretary! what must I finde thee brains and Understanding, know then and grow wise upon't, She will be Protector or whether he be Protector or not: If he has any Honour it must come from her, for ought I see; She is before hand with him, and hath Install'd her self already, I'm sure my *Voyce* was Herald to't, thou piteous thing, question the Pride and pleasure of a Woman? I will have thee Scribe to know, the time will come I shall have Honour too, and be Court'd by the better forr.

Walker. Have I been wanting in that Duty, *Pris*?

Prissilla. Wanting, why thou art alwayes wanting, never provided, still behind hand, never before hand to a Woman; this I profess, and to thy shame be it spoken: And therefore walk upon't, I have no more to say to thee.

Walker. But I have something to say to thee, oh Ungrateful *Pris*!

Prissilla. Ungrateful? and why Ungrateful, pray?

Walker. Hast thou forgot the small token I sent thee.

Prissilla. It was a small one indeed if it came from thee.

Walker. The tweezers out of *France*

Prissilla. Did Travail hither, but were as dull as he that sent them, they would not cut a feather. Is that your pretious Present? If thou hast no better, Walk alone for *Pris*, She's not for thy Company.

Walker. Nay, Dear *Pris*, shall We be Married.

Prissilla. What are you so hot, Sir? there's a jest indeed, Marry, before your Prentiship is out.

Walker. What dost thou mean Wench? prethee kisse me.

Prissilla. I'll see better Clothes on your back first.

Walker. Why, are not these good?

Prissilla. Enough, had not a fool the Wearing of 'um.

Walker. Thou may'st say any thing *Pris*, I may have better.

Prissilla. When that time comes, and thy Wit is

more refin'd, I may say something to thee.

Walker. Oh my Dear *Priss*, in the mean time, let me but kiss thy hand.

Prissilla. That you may, but hear me, be not proud o' it, Nor take this as a punctual promise from me, I love my self better then so.

Walker. Yet I may live in hope.

Prissilla. If it were not for hope, the heart would break, they say : But odds so, I forget my Duty to *her Highness*,

Walker. And so do I, thou hast Transported me.

Prissilla. Not to *Jamaica* yet.

Exeunt.

Enter *Mrs. Cromwell*, and the *Lady Woodfleet*.

Lady Woodfleet. Good Lady Mother, be patient.

Mrs. Cromwell. Good Lady Fool, hold your prating; Was ever Mother so unhappy, or Children so senselessly ungrateful ?

Lady Woodfleet. I beseech you think not so, things will make for the best.

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh fond Girl, what hope canst thou create unto thy self, can save Us now from sinking ? We must perish, undoubtedly We must ; though *Bertram* carry a smooth Tongue to thy Husband, it speaks not the Language of his heart, for that is rugged. It will deceive him as it did thy Brother, and the late Idolized Parliament, he set up, out of a Malice to thy fathers Memory, to make it Odious, because he pull'd the *Babell* down, yet now he has Usurp'd that Priviledge himself : let his pretence be what it will, it bears no other Weight but that of his Ambition, to which thy Husband is a Property.

Enter *Woodfleet*.

Woodfleet. Mother I profess I'm glad to see you here, ne're trust me now, how do you forsooth ?

Mrs.

Mrs. Cromwell. The worse for thee, I wish I ne're had known the time Occasion'd thee to call me Mother.

Woodfleet. Why forsooth Mother, if it please your Highness?

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh Monstruous, not to be endur'd! I have been tame too long, the fool hath found a way t'upbraid my Misery, She had a husband dear *Ireton*, my best of Sons, had Wit, and by his Councel stilted up Our Honours, which thou pull'st down as fast by thy simplicity.

Woodfleet. I profess, ne're trust me, I speak Ingeniously ne're stir now, I am no such Baby neither, as you take me to be, Mother.

Mrs. Cromwell. A meer Stalking horse to *Bertram's* Pride; his Wife, that Minion, doth assume that title, I once, and my Son *Richard's* wife Enjoyed; She will be called her Highness with a horse pox, while I am call'd Old *Jean*, old *Bess*, old *Bedlam*, old Witch, old Hagg, the Commonwealth's Night Mare; 'tis well, if any have the modesty to call me Gammer, or old *Mrs. Cromwell*, and leave our many other horrid Nick-Names, this Infamy and more thou hast brought on Us.

She weeps.

Lady Woodfleet. Good Mother, do not Weep.

Mrs. Cromwell. Would I were dead; Nothing Torments me more, then that thy Father, who whilst he liv'd, was call'd the most Serene, the most Illustrious and most Puissant Prince; (whilst that the fawning Poets Panegyricks swell'd with Ambitious Epithetes) is now call'd th' fire-brand of Hell, Monster of Mankind, Regicide, Homicide, Murtherer of Piety, a Lump of flesh sok'd in a Sea of blood, Traytor to God and goodness, an Advancer of Fiends and Darkness; such as these and worse, could I but think on 'um, are daily cast into my Ears, by every idle fellow.

Woodfleet. I pray take their Names, I profess Mother, I'll Order them, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell. Thou Order 'um, alas! they value not so poer a thing as thou art, had *Dick* continued, he had kept

kept Our Fame up fair it the World, none durst have blemish'd it. They tell me that the time is coming, I must make a Stall my Court, and learn to thrive by foot-ing Stockings, and if that won't do it, must be (what I ne'r was) a Woman of Carriage, either for Tubs of Ale, as Suiting best with my Original Condition, or else for Oysters; I was made for Burthens, and am too Old, and Ugly to cry Oringes; If these Trades fail me, then I must turn Bawd, they think me tough enough t'endure that Tempest, and tell me there's a place call'd *Sodom*, will receive me and my Retinue; I know it not, but thus I am made a Publick scorn by all Men; And in that, thee nor thine, nor any other that claim relation to Us are exempted; And all this by thy foolery.

Woodfleet. I profess Mother I will be even with 'um, I know what I know, and there's an end, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell. I would there were an end to Our disgraces, which I do prophesie is but beginning. What will become of that fair Monument thy careful father did Erect unto thy memory, before (least none should do't after) thy death, next to thy Husband *Iretons*; nay, even of his, thy Father too, and all that living bore a love to him and Us? The raging Malice of proud *Bertram* is so irresistible, 'twill destroy all.

Woodfleet. I profess Mother, my Lord *Bertram* is a very honest Gentleman, and he loves me well, I profess now to you; well, I know what I know, few words are best, I am, and must be the Man when all is done, as I am here.

Mrs. Cromwell. 'Tis very likely, when all is done, thou'lt be the Man will prove their Scorn and laughing-stock.

Woodfleet. I profess now Mother, in sober sadness, I scorn the words, so I do—You know what I told you, Sweet heart, as I am here.

Lady Woodfleet. Very well, and do believe't, though you forsooth are so doubtful.

Mrs. Cromwell. Doubtful, of what? of that I never heard.

Woodfleet.

Woodfleet. No more words, but Mum, I say, I charge you Sweet-heart.

Enter a *Messenger* from the Committee of Safety.

Messenger. My Lord, the Council waites your coming.

Woodfleet. Why law ye now, as I am here, you thought I warrant, I should not be sent for neither; I profess forsooth Mother you are very hard of belief——Tell the Lords I'm coming.

Messenger. I shall, my Lord, most honoured Lady your most humble Servant. Your humble Servant *Madam.*

Exit.

Mrs. Cromwell. I have seen this fellows face before, methinks he does retain something oth' duty he paid me formerly.

Lady Woodfleet. Be but patient Mother, I'll warrant, things will go according to your wish.

Woodfleet. I, if you'll have some patience, if not, I profess Mother I cannot tell how to help it, for I must to Coach, that's the truth on't, Sweet-heart, pray make much of my Mother.

Exit Woodfleet.

Lady Woodfleet. Will you please to walk in, forsooth.

Mrs. Cromwell. My heart was very heavy when I came hither, 'tis somewhat now at ease, by the disburthening of my Oppressing Grievs.

Lady Woodfleet. I hope forsooth, you'll have no cause to Create more of them.

Exeunt.

Enter *Lady Bertlam* and *Prissilla*.

Lady Bertlam. Hast thou Summoned those inferiour things?

Priss. What the Ladies of the last Edition?

Lady Bertlam. Those whose husbands have been Strygmatis'd by *Noll* and *Dick*, with the Title of *Baronets*.

Priss.

Pris. I gave Order to *Trotter* to Trot about it, an'c shall please your Highness.

Enter *Trotter*.

Trotter. The Ladies are coming forth.

Lady Bertlam. They were not bound to their good behaviour, but— 'Tis well they Understand their Duties; set Us Our Chair of State, and then admit 'um.

Enter *Ladies*.

Lady Bertlam. Gentlewomen, for Ladies We cannot call you, your Obedience to our Commands is well reſented, if you perſever in't you will Oblige Our favour: *Pris*. proceed.

Pris. By what Authority, and from whom do you derive your Titles of *Madams*, I pray.

Ladies. From Our Husbands.

Pris. What are they? of what ſtanding?

1. *Lady*. Of no long ſtanding, We confeſs.

Pris. That's a common complaint, and a general grievance.

Lady Bertlam. And ſhall be taken into conſideration for a thing we know; *Pris*, prick that down in your Note book: Who made your Husbands Knights?

Ladies. Oliver the fiſt

Lady Bertlam. Of horrid memory, put that in your Note book, *Pris*.

Ladies. And Richard

Pris. Of Sottiſh memory, ſhall I put that down too, 'tis remarkable?

Lady Bertlam. By all means, put it down in the Margin, as a hand directing to the reſt

Pris. Of their fooliſh Families, 'tis done an'c pleaſe your Highneſs.

Lady Bertlam. What Coates of Armes do your Husbands bear?

1. *Lady*.

1 Lady. Who? Mine, Madam.

Lady Bertlam. I, thine, Woman.

Priscilla. You a Lady, and shew so little manners: Forget her Highness!

Lady Bertlam. I pass by their dirty breeding. Woman, We say, what Coat of Arms does thy Husband give?

1 Lady. He bears *Argent upon a Bend Gules, three Cuckolds Heads Anyr'd Or.*

Priscilla. Three Cuckolds Heads! Why one is sufficient in all conscience.

1 Lady. 'Tis a Paternal Coat belonging to the Family of the *Wittals*.

Priscilla. It may be they were Founders of *Cuckolds-haven*.

Lady Bertlam. No more of Cuckolds, *Pris*, 'tis appropriate, and intrencheth much upon the Honor of our Sex: Put that down in your Note-book as a publick Grievance, and it concerns Us to look after, and the Committee of Safety to Remedy.

2 La. 'Tis a material and punctual point to a Woman.

Lady Bertlam. And what does thy Husband give, prithee?

2 Lady. He bears *Three Gantlets Dexter Or.*

Priscilla. Or again: Your Highness may perceive they have had Golden times on't.

Lady Bertlam. *Dexter Or*: Well, we know he has been an *Ambo-dexter* all his life time, and he shall now give another Coat; *A Body without a Head in a Field Sable*— And what's thine, prithee?

3 Lady. Ours is but *Parte per pale*.

Lady Bertlam. *Parte per pale*: What's that?

Pris. A Motley Coat of two colours.

Lady Bertlam. 'Tis a wonder with what Impudence those Fellows *Noll* and *Dick* could Knightise your Husbands! For 'tis a Rule in *Heraldry*, that none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight himself: 'Tis *Zanca Panca's* Case in *Donquixott*.

E

1 Lady,

1 *Lady*. If none can make a Knight but he that is a Knight, how shall our Husbands receive honor from your Husband, who is no Knight himself?

Lady Bertlam. Let me alone to Dub him.

Priss. You have done that already, and 't please your Highness.

1 *Lady*. If Dubbing our Husbands will carry it, we can do that our selves.

Lady Bertlam. But Ours is of greater Honor and Antiquity, and therefore ought to take place. Receive that as a Maxime from Us, dispute no further.

Ladies. We shall nor.

Lady Bertlam. Since, being Infranchis'd through our grace and favour you are become Members of Our Common-wealth, Declare your Grievances, and we'll hear 'em, whether publick or private.

1 *Lady*. Begin with the private first, Sweet Mrs. *Priss*.

Prissilla. This Lady complains her Husband prays too much, and it takes him off his other business.

Lady Bertlam. There can be no Charity in that Man is remiss in his Benevolence. Receive that as another Maxime——*Priss*, You mind Us nor.

Priss. I'm pricking of it down, and 't please your highness.

Lady Bertlam. But, it may be he prays when's Zeal's on fire (as Bells ring) backwards.

1 *Lady*. And then he rails against the Whore of *Babylon*, and then the people think he calls me Whore.

Lady Bertlam. That's gross, and shews small breeding; We'll have it rectifi'd, it concerns Us.

2 *Lady*. And my husband says I talk in my sleep, and call on Men to come to bed to me, and discover his infirmities.

Lady Bertlam. Oh! have a care of that.

2 *Lady*. Have a care of what? Were he capable of more care of me, I should have less care of my self.

Prissilla. I commend the Ladies resolution.

Lady Bertlam. And, what sayst thou?

3 *Lady*.

3 *Lady*. Why truly I cannot say much. My husband is a Man of reason, and is willing I should satisfy my self; he know the failings of Women, and imputes it to the frailty of our Sex.

Lady Bertlam. He's an honest Man, I warrant him.

Prissilla. Such a Husband for my money.

1 *Lady*. As you are a Lover of Women, let the Act of the 24 of June against Fornication be repeal'd; Me thinks it frights as there were a Furnace in't.

Lady Bertlam. As there were Conveniencies in that Act, which ty'd up Mens tongues from babling, so there were destructive Inconveniencies in't, familiarity not so frequently used between Man and Woman. When know, Sociery is the life of Republicks—*Martin* the first, and *Peters* the second—Indeed, things were rather done in fear then freedome.

1 *Lady*. In a Free State who is not Free?

2 *La*. I beseech you in the next place, that the Cavaliers may not be lookt upon as Monsters, for they are Men.

1 *Lady*. And that it may be imputed no Crime to keep 'em company, for they are honest.

3 *Lady*. And men that will stand to their Tackling.

Lady Bertlam. Well, we'll have these amended: What have you more to say?

1 *Lady*. Now, Mrs. *Priss*, to the Publick, I pray.

Prissilla. Whereas several abuses have lately crept in amongst Us.

Lady Bertlam. That's a small abuse; Love must creep till it can go.

Priss. Her Highness hath the Feeling sense of it, and gropes out the meaning already, you see.

1 *Lady*. We could not go to *Hide-park*, nor *Spring-garden* so much as with our own husbands.

Lady Bertlam. Why, what had you to do to go with them? Could you find no better company?

1 *Lady*. Good men were scarce; and then to avoyd suspicion,

Priss. In my foolish opinion that rather bred it; what walk with your own Husbands? How contrary to Conscience and high breeding is that?

Lady Bertl. When things are settl'd, wee'l have an Act that no Lady or Gentelwoman shal be put to that Slavery, but shall have liberty to walk or ----- talk, with whom they please: Now may a multitude of mens blessings light on you. *Priss* proceed.

Priss. Here's a Lady desires a patten for Painting.

Lady Bertlam. 'Tis too great for a Subject, we intend it for our selves, and to that end, have employed several persons as our Agents in forraign parts, to find out the readiest and securest way for making it, that it may not eat into the Cheeks, beget Wrinkles, impare the Eye-sight, or rot the Teeth.

3 *Lady.* I have found the woful experience of that.

Lady Bertlam. We have Intelligence of a Water that will in two hours time take the wither'd skin off the face, and a new one shall supply the place. That no Lady or Gentlewoman, though she have out-worn Sixty, shall appear above five and twenty years of Age.

Priss. That makes your Highness look so smooth upon'r.

Lady Bertlam. There's no Invention for sleeking, glazing, or annointing, but we have notice of; and for Powders and Perfumes, we may be sented a street off.

Ladies. Oh sweet Woman!

Lady Bertlam. Then for Attyring, and to find out the Mazes of Fashions, there's no Lady but must follow Us.

Ladies. You are at a great charge, sure.

Lady Bertlam. We are so, but 'tis Princely. --- [*See rises*]

1 *Lady.* We hope your Highness will remember the foregoing premisses.

Lady Bertlam. *Priss*, be it your care to mind Us; We must to Wallingford House and have um confirm'd.

*And in the meantime, let our Musick play
To Celebrate the Glory of this Day.*

Exeunt.

ACT

ACT the III. SCENE the I.

Enter one of the Dorekeepers, he trims up the Table, Lays the Paper and Standishes in their places; then Enter 2 Clerks to the Committee.

1 Clerk. The Lords are coming.

Dorekeeper. Are you sure on't?

Clerk. They are upon us already.

Dorekeep. That they are not, Ile assure you, Gentlemen; However I will attend my charge. Keep back there, keep back there, I say, keep back there, make room for the Lords there. God bless your Honours.

Enter Bertram, Woodfleet, Lockwhit, and Stoneware.

Enter Duckingfield and Cobbet, they pass a Complement to the rest, Cobbet takes Stoneware by the hand, Duckingfield and they walk together whispering, Bertram Woodfleet and Lockwhit do the like, after a turn or two Bertram speaks.

Bertram. It must be done (my Lord) we have nothing else to take him off.

Lockwhit. Scots, we know generally are greedy of gain, and since we have made him President, and sensible of our Secrets, 'tis requisite we do something to stop his Mouth.

Bertram. Left he -- No matter, it must be done, my Lord.

Woodfleet. Say you so, I profess, seriously, If I thought good would ensue of it, with all my heart.

Cobbet. My Lord beleive us, all We can serve you in you may Command.

Duckingfield. And you shall find it so when occasion serves, and the Governments new molded.

Stoneware. Marry Sirs, anise sa mold itt, twas neere so molded, sen the Dam bound the head on't.

Cobbet. I know there are some Ambitious spirits, would have it settled in a Single person, but we are quite against it.

Stoneware. The fair Deel split his pipe will be sort than, for Archibald.

Ducking. But my Lord Bertram is a stirring man, you see.

Stoneware. Bertram, lett Bertram gang to Bedlam in the Deels name, what ha I to da with him, Ise your humble Servant
Gentlemen.

Enter.

Enter Desbrough and Huson.

Desbr. How do you, how do you, and how dow do you my Lords and Gentlemen all, how do you?

Huson. And how do you, how do you?

Stoneware. *Ah my good Lords, ken yee me, Sirs.*

Bertilam. We shall make up our number anon: Will you please to assume the Chair, my Lord.

Stoneware. *Marry, and Ise your humble Servant, my good Lord Bertilam.*

Desbr. Come come, What Government must we have? what Government must we have?

Huson. I, I, I; What Governement? Let's know quickly: Come, you talk of *Conservetat*, *Conservetat*, 'tis a hard word, hang't; but there's tors in't, I'm sure of that.

Duckinfield. *Conservetor*, my Lord! *Conservator*.

Huson. *Conservators* let it be then; When shall we have um, when shall we have um?

Bertilam. My Lord, We'll think on that hereafter.

Huson. Hereafter comes not yet then, it seems.

Desbr. But while the grais grows the Horse may starve.

Cobbet. Howere, Gramercy Horse, though't has no tail to't.

Stoneware. *Good feath Sirs, and Ile tell you a blithe tale of a Scottish Puddin, will gar ye aw tell laugh, Sirs.*

Bertilam. That Puddin will have no ent to't, good my Lord.

Desbr. I love to hear of a puddin, so it be a bag-puddin.

Huson. So do I, if it be a good one.

Stoneware. *Bred a goad, as good a puddin as ere was cut up, Woodfleet. I profess my hair stands an end.*

Duckinfield. No more Swearing, my Lord, 'tis not seasonable in this place.

Stoneware. *Harke yee mee than, Sirs, mind yee me now or neere: There was a poor woman, Sirs, bog'd oth Karle the Speaker, Sirs, an heed yee her noough: Whilke gard her to let a crack, Sirs; I marry quo the Woman quo now I see my Rump has a Speaker too. Haw lick yee my Tayle noow, Sirs?*

Omne

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Bertlam. My Lord, I know you have many of e'm, but pray let's mind our business.

Desfr. Business, Why there's the thing; I think every man ought to mind his business: I should go and bespeak a pair of Mittins and Sheers for my Sheerer, a pair of Cards for my Thrasher, a Scythe for my Mower, hob-nayl Shooes for my Carter, a Skreen for my Lady Wife; and I know not what: My head is so full of business, I cannot stay, Gentlemen.

Lockwhit. Py, fy, Gentlemen, will you neglect the business of this Day; We meet to gratifie our Friends.

Desfr. Nay, then do what you will, so I may rise time enough to see my Horse at night.

Lockwhit. Is that it? *Clerk*, read what we past the other Day; I mean the heads of 'em; what Papers and Petitions remain in your hands, referring to this Days business.

Cobber. Forbid we should be backward in rewarding such have done Service to the Common-wealth.

Lockwhit. There's Money enough, Gentlemen.

Duckinsfeld. If we knew where to find it. However, *Clerk*, read, To *Walter Walton Draper* 6929 l. 6 s. 5 d. for Blacks for his Highness.

Bertlam. For a Halter: Put it down for *Oliver Cromwell's* Burial. We'll have no record rise up in judgment against Us for such a Villain.

Lockwhit. But first let's consider whether that were good Service, or not.

Bertlam. However, we'll give him a Paper for't: Let him get his money when he can: Paper is not so Dear, Gentlemen, and the Clerks pains will be rewarded.

Stoneware. Good Consideration my good Loord; bred Sir, that *Cromwell* was the veryest Limmer Loone that ever came intoll our Countrey, the saw Deel has tane him with Lugs by this time for robbing so rich a Countrey; bred Sirs, I.

Woodfleet. I profess my Lord *Stoneware* you are to blame, I promise you, you are; Why do you Swear so?

Stoneware,

Stonew. Good feath I gi you thanks for your chastisement;
Ise fit ye Sir, au professta, an se gif you ha mee.

Cobb. That may bring you profit indeed. Clerk, proceed.
 Clerk. To *Water Frost* Treasurer of the Contingencies,
 5000*l.* To Mr. *Edward Backwel* 4600*l.* To Mr. *Hutchinson*
 Treasurer of the Navy, 200000*l.*

Stoneware. Oands, there's a sum! marry it cam from a
 Canon sure. Clerk, To Mr. *Backwell* more 326*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*
 To Mr. *Ice* 400*l.* To Mr. *Loethur* late Secretary to his---

Lockwhit. To *Oliver Cromwell* say, leave out Highness:
 You were order'd so before, where ere you find it.

Clerk. Secretary to *O. Cromwell*, 2999*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* for In-
 telligence, and Trappanning the Kings liege people.

Stoneware. Marry Sirs, an ye gif so fast, yeel gi aw away
 fro poore *Archibald Johnson*. [Aside.]

Lockwhit. Oyl the Wheel (my Lord) your Engine will
 go the better: Move for him first.

Berilaws. Be it your business, Ile do as much for you.

Lockwhit. Content. Gentlemen, 'since we have set this
 Day apart from other business, purposely to gratifie our
 most concerned Friends, let us consider the Worth of the
 Lord *Stoneware*, a person of eminent fidelity and trust.

Stoneware. Good feath, and I ha been a trusty Trojan, Sirs.

Woodst. We know it very well Sir, I profess, my Lord.

Duckinfi. And 'tis but reason you should be rewarded.

Desbr. Ide scorn to let a Dog go unrewarded.

Huson. And so would I, he fawns so prettily.

Cobbet. My Lord, you are Witty, I hope we shall have
 no more on'r. *Huson.* And performs his Graces to a
Scottish Pipe so handsomely.

Duckinfield. You may content your self with that (my
 Lord) he is our Friend.

Stoneware. Good feath Sirs, an sa I am; wha denyes it?

Huson. Nay, my Lord, we are not Foes; I am for you.

Desbr. And so am I, as live.

Stoneware. Good feath weel sed, ye ken well enough Ise sure
Ise a man can serve ye aw, Sirs: Sin ye are so kind Sirs, ScPibe
read my Paper to, *Lockwhit,*

Lockyhit. You have a Petition then?

Stoneware. *Geod feath I had been a very foole els.*

Bertlam. Give us the substance of it.

Clerk. That your Honours would be pleas'd, in consideration of his faithful Service, and the constant charge he is at both at home and abroad, to grant him some certain considerable summe of Money for his present supply.

Duckinfield. Order him Two thousand pound.

Bertlam. Seriously, let it be Three thousand, Gentlem. You must understand he is much in debt.

Stoneware. *God: benizon lite on your saw, my geod Loord Bertlam.*

Huson. Three thousand pound! Why, half such a sum will buy all *Scotland.*

Stoneware. *Bred Sir, ye looke best blindly ont than.*

Bertlam. Gramercy, my Lord.

Cobbet. Well Brother, the time was, a mite of it would have bought all the Shooes in your Shop, I will not say your Stall for your Honour sake, though now you doe abound in *Irish Lands.*

Stoneware. *T'are my geod friend Sir, geod feath y'ave eene hit him h.me.* *Clerk,* *gang a tyny bit farder.*

Clerk. That your Honors would be pleased to Confer some Annual Pension upon him.

Bertlam. Gentlemen, I think it but reason; he has been faithful, and I hold him a good Common-wealths Man, and the rather because *Haxlerigge* hath so bespatter'd him; since you have consented to his present supply, let him not suffer for want of a future one: What think you of 400 *l.* per ann. 'Tis but small; Say, are you willing to it Gentl^{es}.

Omnes. I, I, I.

Bertlam. Are you pleas'd, my Lord?

Stoneware. *Bred, thar'es a question indeed; Onnz Sir, ye ha won my heart.*

Bertlam. Then Gentlemen, since my Lord *Lockyhit's* Modesty is such he cannot speake for himselfe, give me leave to become an humble Suitor in his behalf—

Bertram. That you will be pleased to make him Constable of *Windjor* Castle, Warden of the Forrefts, &c. Lieutenant of the Castles and Forrefts, with the Rents, Perquisites, and profits thereof. Gentlemen, I need not instance his faithfulness to us and our Designments hitherto: No man here (I presume) but hath been, and is satisfied in himself of his reality; And therefore I am confident you cannot confer a place of so great honour or trust upon a person more deserving: But I submit to your Wisdom.

Omnes. 'Tis granted.

Stoneware. Bred my good Lord, what can ye ask that we shall not grant?

Bertram. I have heard some say, that Honour without Maintenance is like a blew Coat without a Badge.

Desbr. Or a Pudding without Suet.

Bertram. You have made him Keeper of the great Seal; 'tis honor, I confess, but no salary attends upon't; and bribes you know are not now so frequent as they were in *Noll's* time: Besides, my Lord is a person of that honor.

Hufon. Well my Lord, let us be brief and tedious, let us humour one another; I love my Lord *Lockwhit* well.

Bertram. I move for a Sallary, Gentlemen; *Scobel* and other petty Clerks have had 500*l.* a year apiece granted to them: I hope he merits more.

Hufon. Let him have a thousand pound a year then, you shall not want my voyce, my Lord.

Lockwhit. 'Tis a liberal one, my Lord.

Woodfleet. I profess soberly with all my heart.

Bertram. Does that please your Lordship?

Lockwhit. Your faithful Servant, my Lord; but if I may be so bold to know from whence I shall receive it.

Cobbet. Out of the Customes, the best place, I think.

Stoneware. Sure pay my Loord, bred a good, Ise upbeld you now, gang your wayes; on Scribe, let us mind more good works, wee shall prosper then, aw my sew, Sirs.

Bertram. Clerk, proceed where you left off.

Clerk.

Clerk, Honeycombres 3000 l. upon accompt, Backwell for 9600 l. Worfeley Aubrey for 2500 l.

Stoneware. Bredholt for thame, where the Deel fall they have this filler, Sirs.

Lockwhit. Ne're trouble your self for that, my Lord.

Bertilam. These things must be granted, we know the persons, they are our friends.

Woodfleet. I profess, indeed Brotherly love ought to go along with us all; but when all is gone, when shall we have more?

Bertilam. Pough, my Lord, the City's big with riches, and neer her time I hope to be Delivered.

Huson. Ile be the Midwife, or what you will call me, Ile underrake to do my office as well as Dr. Chamberlyn can do his.

Desbrough. Well said Brother, what's the matter there?

Bertilam. Ile wait on you immediately, Gentlemen.

Huson. Is the Lord Bertilam gone?

Woodfleet. I profess, I know nor.

Bertilam. Why, how now Sweet-heart, What make you here?

Lady Bertilam. Nay, what make you here then?

Bertilam. This is not a place for Women.

Lady Bertilam. How so, Sir, pray, while thou art here I have as much right to the place as thou hast, if I am John Bertilam's Lady, and for ought I know my advice may do aswell here as thine, for all you perk it so.

Bertilam. Good Sweet-heart, return to thy Coach.

Lady Bertilam. Good Sweet-heart, tell me, am I her Highness or not her Highness, or what do you intend to make of me?

Bertilam. Thou makest thy self seem to be a Mad Woman.

Lady Bertilam. Do I so, Sir, Ile be madder yet; then Ile to the Board, and know what they intend to do with me.

The Lady Bertilam strives to enter, the Dore-keeper goes to the Lord Bertilam, and whispers him, he riseth, and goes to her.

She strives;
Bertilam holds her.

Bertilam,

Bertilam. Thou wilt not, sure.

Lady Bertilam. But I will, and hear what they will say to me; I will be put off no longer.

Bertilam. Be not so loud.

Lady Bertilam. He be Louder Sir, and they shall hear me; If I am not Her Highness, they shall not sit there.

Bertilam. Thou shalt be as high as can be, if thou wilt be patient.

Lady Bertilam. Patient, I, thou knowst too well I am a patient fool; pray, when will the time come I shall be styl'd Her Highness? for that I will be.

Bertilam. He tell thee that anon; perthee Sweet-heart take thy Coach.

Lady Bertilam. I, thou thinkst with thy fine Words to Work me to any thing, but if you Defer the time too long, you'll find the Contrary— Call my Man there— D'ye hear me? pray make haste home. *Exit.*

Bertilam. Well.

Huson. My Lord, We thought you had been gone.

Bertilam. No, my Lord, I have been better bred than so, to leave you in the heat and midst of business.

Lockwhit. Nay, I think the heat of our business is over for this Day. *Clerk.* See, have you any more Papers?

Clerk. Not any.

Huson. Let us rise then, I think we have sate a pretty time by't.

Desbr. And my colon begins to cry out *beans and bacon.*

Woodfleet. I profess my Lord, it is not I think fit to put you in mind, I hope I need not, I profess. [*they rise.*]

Bertilam. Oh, to move concerning a Single person.

Lockwhit. By all means, for his Lordship.

Bertilam. Seriously, my Lords, I hold it would have been unseasonable, but at the next Sitting it will fall in course my Lord, and then my Lord——

Lockwhit. We are your Creatures.

Woodfleet. Say you so, I profess let it be so then.

Desbr. Come let us go, I'm mad to be gone; What should we stay here for? *Stone-*

Stoneware. *Marry, an yee speke right, Sir. Scribe, See an theise Orders be ready for my hond anenst Morne; meere especially my none and my good Loods heere, that they may gang to the Patent Scribe, here ye mee.*

Clerks. They shall, my Lord.

1 Clerk. Come Sirrah, here be thriving Times, some men rise with their Breech upwards.

2 Clerk. And 'tis very probable may be last for't: How they Divide the Kingdoms Treasure.

1 Clerk. I commend them, they make use of their time, make Hay whilest the Sun shines. I wonder my Lord *Dsbrough* mist that Proverb at the Table.

2 Clerk. Was ever such Language heard at a Council-Table before? They are all made up of Proverbs and Old-sayings, except his *tamen semper*, *Berilam* and *Lockybit*.

1 Clerk. Oh! those are two precious Divels; but for a fawning and colloquing Divel, give me the *Scotch* Divel.

2 Clerk. No more of this, the *Dore-keeper* has Ears.

1 Clerk. I would his Ears were off, they are not worth the Sense of Hearing: But come, let's put up our trinkets; a pox on't, I did not think they would have fate so long.

2 Clerk. Thou hast some Baggage or other to go to, Ile be hang'd else.

1 Clerk. Thou mayst be hang'd in time; however weel goe.

Dore-keeper. Well, go your wayes, you are a precious Couple.

Exeunt.

[*A noyse within, crying Tom, Will, Harry, Dick; Have you a mind to be Murdered in your beds.*]

Enter a Corporal and Souldiers after him in a confused manner, as from their several Lodgings.

1 Souldier. What's the matter? *Corporal.*
Corporal. The City's up in Arms.

1 Souldier.

1 *Souldier*. I am glad on't.

2 *Souldier*. And so am I, there's plunder enough, I am mad to be at it.

Corporal. The Committee sate all this night about it; 'tis said they are up every where.

1 *Souldier*. I warrant that Dog in a Doublet *Hastlerigg* is the Ring-leader.

Corporal. 'Tis likely, the news came but within this houre, and the danger that lurks in't hath call'd the Committee together, to morrow the Prentices intend to petition the Lord Maior for a *Free Parliament*.

1 *Souldier*. Let em', 'tis good fishing in troubled waters.

2 *Souldier*. Must the *R.M.P* come in agen?

Corporal. I know not, good Lads make haste, the Captain stays for us.

1 *Souldier*. Pox on't, let's ne'r stand buttoning our selves, Wee'll leave our Doublets behind us.

Corporal. No, by no means.

1 *Souldier*. And is't come to that, then hey for *Lum-bard-street*, there's a Shop that I have markt out for mine already.

2 *Souldier*. You must not think to have it all your self, Brother.

1 *Souldier*. He that Wins gold, let him Wear gold, I cry.

Corporal. Well, we shall have enough, 'tis a rich City, never came better news to the Souldiery.

1 *Souldier*. Wee'l Cancel the Prentices Indentures, and bind them to us in surer bonds.

2 *Souldier*. And they shall ne'r be made free by my Consent till they have paid for their Learnings.

1 *Souldier*. Me thinks I see the Town on fire, and hear the Shrieks and Cryes of Women and Children already; the Rogues running to quench the fire, and we following the slaughter. Here lies one without an Arm, and he cannot hold up a Hand against us; another without a Leg, and he

he shan't run for't; another without a Nose, hee'l ne're smell us out; another without a Head, and his plotting's spoyld: Here lies a rich Courmogeon burnt to Ashes, who rather then he would survive his Treasure, perisheth wick his Chests, and leaves his better Angels to wait on Us, you Knaves.

2 *Souldier*. Oh brave *Tom*.

Corporal. I know you have all Mettle enough, but our Captain stays.

1 *Souldier*. Not a minute longer—hey for *Lumbard-street*, hey for *Lumbard-street*!

Omnes. Hey for *Lumbard-street*; hey for *Lumbard-street*!
Exeunt.

ACT the IV. SCENE the I.

Enter a company of Prentices with clubs.

1 *Prentice*. Come boyes come, as long as this Club lasts fear nothing, it shall beat out *Husons* tother Eye, I scorn to take him on the blind side, I'm more a man than so.

2 *Prentice*. Thou a Man, a meer Pigmy!

1 *Prentice*. Children are poor Worms, I would have you to know that I am the Cities Champion.

2 *Prentice*. Thou the Cities Champion!

1 *Prentice*. Yes, and will spend life and limbe for *Magna Charta* and a *Free Parliament*.

Omnes. So we will all, so we will all.

1 *Prentice*. Why then you are my Boys, and true Sons to the City; Cry up a *Free Parliament*.

Omnes. A *Free Parliament*, A *Free Parliament*!

1 *Prentice*. Boys, this was done like Men; but do you hear the News? My Intelligence is good.

Omnes.

2 *Prentice*. What is't Champion, What is't?

1 *Prentice*. There's a Proclamation come from the Committee of no Safety.

Omnes. For what? Champion.

1 *Prentice*. To hang us all up if we Depart not to our Homes: How like you that, Gallants; how like you that?

2 *Prentice*. This hanging is such a thing, I do not like it; well, He go home.

1 *Prentice*. Why now you show what a Man you are; I was a Pigmy as you said but erewhile; but now I say and will maintain it, Thou hast not so much spirit or spleen in thee as a Wasp.

Omnes. Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice*. Will you like Cowards forsake your Petition and have no Answer to't? Rather let's dye One and All.

Omnes. One and All, One and All.

1 *Prentice*. Why this is bravely said, now He tell you what you shall do; when the Sheriff begins to read the Proclamation, every man enlarge his Voyce, and cry No proclamation, No proclamation.

Omnes. Agreed, agreed; No proclaamation, No proclamation; *Exeunt,*

wavering their Clubs over their heads.

Enter Huson and his Mirmydons with their Swords drawn.

Huson. Was ever such a sort of Rogues seen in a City? Come follow me, He so order um.

Souldiers. Oh brave Collonel! *Exeunt.*

Enter Prentices at the other end of the Stage, crying, Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler, and he pursuing them.

Huson. Shoot, shoot; I charge you kill the Rogues, leave not one of them alive. [*A Musket is let off within. Ex.*

Enter

Enter Prentices again, crying Whoop Cobler.

1 *Prentice.* Cain has kill'd his Brother, Coll. Cord-
wayner he has spun a fine Thread to day.

2 *Prentice.* It may bring him to his End.

1 *Prentice.* St. Hugh's Bones must go to th' wrack; and
there let him take his Last, *Whoop Cobler.*

Omnes. Whoop Cobler, Whoop Cobler. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Huson again pursuing the Prentices; they continuing
their cry, Whoop Cobler; Turnep Tops are thrown at
him as from House tops; Boys run in.*

Huson. From whence come these? Search that House,
and every House: I vow there's not a Street free from
these Rogues. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Prentices severally.

2 *Prentice.* Where hast thou been, Champion?

1 *Prentice.* Where none but a Champion durst be.

2 *Prentice.* Where's that? Where's that?

1 *Prentice.* Stand here and admire; You are beholding
to me, I have past the Pikes to meet you, and sweet for't:
I tell you I have been at *Guildhall*, and what I have done
there, let Histories record. He not be my own Trumpet.

Omnes. What didst thou do there?

1 *Prentice.* Do you see this small Engine? 'Tis a good
one, and has been trusty to his Master: I say no more.

Omnes. Nay, good Champion; What, what?

1 *Prentice.* How Dull you are! With this (I say)
heartily charg'd and ram'd, under my Apron closely hid,
Latit anguis in herba, (There's Latin for you Rogues) I
got into the Yard.

Omnes. What then, What then?

1 *Prentice.* By good fortune I espy'd a very fine fellow,
some Officer no doubt, he did Ran Dan so.

G

Omnes,

Omnes. But prethee be plain and short.

I Prentice. No it was home, the sting of my Serpent hath either kill'd him or lam'd him downright, I warrant he troubles us no more this Day. Hearke, the Rogues are Marching: let them go and be hang'd they shal not abide here; I have given them an earnest penny already, and if they come again, Ile double it. Well Boys, when they are past Weel go and Drink the Kings health: Say Boys.

A Drum is heard within.

Omnes. *Viva le roy, Viva le roy.*

Exeunt.

Enter Lord Bertlam and Lord Lockwhit.

Bertlam. My Lord, you will still endear me.

Lockwhit. A Duty so oblig'd cannot be paid too often, my prayers go with you, my most honoured Lord.

Bertlam. If I return, my Lord, Command my Heart; In the mean time, let not your friendship Cool.

Lockwhit. My body shall be Ice first.

Enter Secretary and Lord Stoneware.

Bertlam. My Lord Stoneware, this is a high peice of Kindness indeed.

Stoneware. Marry, He come toll kifs your none hand, Sir, are yee gang anenst the limmer loowne.

Enter Walker and the Lady Bertlam.

Bertlam. Your Servant, my Lord— *Walker,* Are you ready?

Secretary. Yes, my Lord.

Bertlam. Direct the Lord Stoneware to the Blew Chamber; where He attend your Lordship.

Stoneware. Your very humble Servant, my Lords.

Exit Secretary and Stoneware.

Bertlam. I know She's clogg'd with passion, and 'tis not fit a Sow should understand it.

Lock-

Lockwhit. You have done wisely in that, my Lord.

Lady Bertlam. Have I stay'd long enough, may you be spoken with yet?

Bertlam. Why not? Sweet-heart?

Lady Bertlam. Am I a Wife, or no Wife. [She weeps.]

Bertlam. My only Joy and comfort—Why dost Weep? There's not a Tear but Wounds me. Prithee leave, I'm sure th'ast no occasion for't.

Lady Bertlam. Did Noll do so by his Wife *Bess*, that Puss? He had some care of her, and made her what her heart could wish; but I have nought but empty promises.

Bertlam. Will you believe me? This Gentleman—

Lady Bertlam. He's a Lawyer, and may lie.

Bertlam. He's my Friend.

Lady Bertlam. 'Twas a by-Complement, I confess; but I believe he knows more then you do. Pray Sir, say, Shall I be what I will be, as he says?

Lockwhit. The power is now in his owne hands, and Doubtless my Lord's so wise he will not part with't.

Lady Bertlam. Say you so! Then prithee kiss me *John*, we're stir, I shall so love thee.

Bertlam. But we forget the Lord *Stoneware*.

Lockw. H's got a *Scottish* Fog in's mouth by this time.

Lady Bertlam. Hang him, 'tis such a Boorish stammering fellow, I cann't endure him.

Bertlam. But he's a property, if I return Victorious, I must make use of; Therefore, prithee Sweet, be moderately sparing in thy language; let it not soar so high, lest it prevent my Towing thoughts of their fruition, and clip those Wings should hover thee to Greatness.

Lady Bertlam. He not rye my tongue up for no mans pleasure living: I think I am a Free Woman, no Bond-slave, Sir.

Lockwhit. But under favour, Madam, when you Weigh the Advancement—

Lady Bertlam. I Weigh it not a rush, nor shall I Fee you for your Counsel, Sir.

Bertram. He's a good Man, Sweet-heart.

La. Bertram. Let him be neer so good, Ile have my will.

Bertram. I prethee do.

Lockybit. I trust I have not angered you, Madam.

Lady Bertram. Again Madam let his goodness be what it will, I'm sure, he hath but ill breeding.

Enter Walker.

Walker. My Lord *Stonware* is going, Sir.

Bertram. Odds so, indeed, we have been too uncivil, come Sweet-heart, my Lord, will you please to walk in.

Exeunt.

Enter two or three Souldiers.

1 Souldier. How now Gentlemen? you are upon the merry March, I hear.

2 Souldier. I, a pox on't, We shall have little cause, I fear, to call it a merry one.

1 Souldier. Well, I thank my Stars, Our Regiment stays here at the well head, you Rogues, where there is plenty of all things.

2 Souldier. What says Pluck? The Worser knave, the better luck.

3 Souldier. But do you hear me, Sirrah? for all that, your Colonel may be hang'd for killing his Brother Cobler.

1 Souldier. I hear no harm, I'm not to answer for him: But prethee tell me, D'ye think there will be bloody Noses?

2 Souldier. Those that have a mind to't, let 'em give, or take 'em, hang him that fights a stroke, for my part.

3 Souldier. Or mine either; Our Company swear they'll all be hang'd first.

1 Souldier. The General is like to be well hop'd up with such Souldiers.

2 Souldier. Why, what would you have us to do? If the General cannot agree them, let 'em fight it out themselves and the Devil part 'em I cry.

3 Souldier.

3 *Souldier*. If they will fight, we'll make a ring for 'em.

1 *Souldier*. They say that *General Philagathu* is a gallant Stout Man, an Excellent Souldier, and a Marvellours honest Man.

2 *Souldier*. Then we have the less reason to fight against him.

3 *Souldier*. Nor will we fight against him.

1 *Souldier*. But Brothers, let me advise you to have a Care what you say, lest you make your Words good, and be hang'd in earnest, there are Rogues abroad.

2 *Souldier*. I, too many, I thank you Brother for your Advice.

3 *Souldier*. A lack we talk away our time, let's go, let's go.

1 *Souldier*. Nay, sure Brother Souldiers, we will not part with dry Lips.

2 *Souldier*. What you intend to do, do quickly.

1 *Souldier*. Come away then,

Enter *Walker* and *Prissilla*.

Walker. Now *Priss*, what think you now?

Prissilla. Why, truly *Secretary* I think thou wilt be a brave Fellow when my Lord returns.

Walker. You will let me kiss you now, I hope.

Prissilla. No indeed *Secretary*, I will not make you so bold yet; If you return safe and sound, and in good plight, that is, my Lords brows circled with laurel, and people smell you out to be a Secretary of State, 'tis very probable you may have admittance to my Lip, and something else in a lawful way. [*calls within Walker, Walker.*]

Walker. These words have comforted my heart, I'm overjoy'd, trust me now: Odds so, my Lords upon taking Horse; ah! ah! Dear *Priss*.

Prissilla. Sigh not Man, thou shalt have it; come take Livery and Seisin, and adieu.

Walker. Oh, So sweet as the Honey-combe! [*kisses her.*]

Prissilla. Have a care you do not surfeit with't.

Walker. I must bagon, Dear *Priss*, once more.

Prissilla. Why law you now give you an Inch
and you will take an Ell; I shall be troubled with
you—— *Kisses.*

Walker. No truly *Priss*——

[*Calls within.*]

Prissilla. Why, you are bold indeed.

Walker. Oh Heart! Oh Fates! Why should such Lovers
part?

Exit Walker.

Prissilla. Well, go thy wayes for a Modest Assle, thou
mightst have had something else, hadst thou press'd me
to't; but the Fool will make a fine Husband; when he
comes to taste the fruit, he'l so love the Tree! 'Tis a
sweet thing for a Woman of Knowledge to meet with a
Man of Ignorance, and better to keep him in'r. My Se-
cretary I see never read *Arratine*, if he had he would
have been furnish'd with more Audacity. Lord, how
Honor Creeps upon me! I shall be Ladifi'd there's no
Doubt on'r. How my Ears will be fill'd with Madams!
And, Will your Ladyship be pleas'd? What will your
Honor have to Breakfast? How do you, Madam? I am
come to give you a Visit, Madam. Will you go to *Hide-
Park* to day, Madam? How does your good Lord, Ma-
dam? Did you Sleep well to night, Madam? Is your Dog
recover'd of his Fit, Madam? Your faithful Servant,
Madam. Have you any Service to Command me, Madam?
This her Highness despises. I am as proud as She; and
methinks it sounds very well. *Madam!* Why, 'tis a word
of State.

Enter Scullion-Boy.

Scullion. Mrs. *Priss*, Mrs. *Priss*, You must come away
to her Highness presently.

Prissilla. Why, how now, Sauce?

Scullion. Sauce! Why, what are you, pray? Will you
come away? He tell her.

Priss. He have you boxt anon, Sirrah, for this. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Prentices severally.

2 *Prentice.* Champion, how now Champion? What news, Champion?

1 *Prentice.* Nay, what news do you say, then?

3 *Prentice.* *Bertlams* is gone.

1 *Prentice.* The Devil and *John a Cumber* go with him. Well, I hope General *Philagathus* will so pay his Jaquet!

2 *Prentice.* He will be forc'd to turn it.

1 *Prentice.* That he hath done often enough already.

3 *Prentice.* The Rogues were well mounted.

1 *Prentice.* May the Horse founder, and the Foot die in Ditches! My prayers go along 'em.

2. 3. *Prentice.* Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice.* Come Gentlemen, If you have any Chink go along with me; Weel drink *Philagathus* Health. How they look at one another!

2. 3. *Prentice.* Faith Champion—

1 *Prentice.* Speak no more, your Countenance betray your meanings, I perceive your Masters are not so tender-hearted as mine; He's honest, lives in hope, allows me the merry Sice a day to spend till better Times come.

2. 3. *Prentice.* Thou art happy, Champion.

1 *Prentice.* You shall participate of that happiness! 'Twere pity such proper Fellows as we are should part without Drinking a Health to Noble *Philagathus* his Successor.

2. *Prentice.* Well Champion, weel make you amends.

1. *Prentice.* Let the mends make it self; Come away,
begon. *Exeunt.*

Enter Woodfleet, Mrs. Cromwell, and Lady Woodfleet.

Woodfleet. How say you so forsooth Mother? as I'm here.
Mrs. Cromwell. I say thy folly will undo us all.

Woodfleet.

Woodfleet. I profess Mother, as I'm here you always harp upon one string: Ne're stir, As I'm here, and like the Cuckoo, have but one Note, Ne're stir now.

Mrs. Cromwell. What dost make of me, a Hooting-stock?

Woodfleet. No, I profess not I, I know my Duty, as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwell. Thou Wouldst fain seem a Souldier, and a Courtier, but thou art neither.

Lady Woodfleet. Good Mother be not so bitter, he's an honest Man.

Mrs. Cromwell. Hang honesty, 'tis meer foolery; thy Father had more Wit then to be thought one of that needy Crue; could ever Man have given the power out of his own hand, as he hath done, and to his Enemy, a fellow as fierce as *Aqua fortis*, and will eat into the very marrow of our families.

Woodfleet. I profess Mother, you may be mistaken for all this, he is in some sense, but my Servant.

Mrs. Cromwell. And he'll become thy Master to thy shame, why didst not go thy self?

Woodfleet. Why? I profess, Whether you believe it or not, Mother, I am the greatest Man in the Nation.

Mrs. Cromwell. Until a greater come; How stupid art thou? Gidle, prithee instruct him.

Lady Woodfleet. 'Twould ill become me, sure to teach my Lord, I neer was guilty of that crime yet, he knows his own Business best.

Woodfleet. I profess, Mother, you are such a strange Woman, I know not what to say to you; had not General *Philagathus* (like a fool) made this disturbance, I know, what I had been this time.

Mrs. Cromwell. Then hadst been neither better nor worse then what thou art, the Common Tavern, and Town Table-Talk.

Woodfleet. Why? I profess, Mother, you are not so well spoken of, neither, for all you look so.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. That's long of such an Idiot as thou art.
 Lady *Woodfleet*. Nay Mother, indeed you do not well :
 He's my Husband, I ought not to suffer this.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Good Lord! It seems he plays better at
 Tratrip with thee then thy Husband *Iretan* did: Thou
 couldst find Tongue enough for him: Or, there's foul lyars
 in this March-pane fellow did not Melt in your Mouth in
 his life time. Lady *Woodfleet*. I thank you, Mother.

Woodfleet. What's that, what's that she says, Sweetheart?

Lady *Woodfleet*. Nothing, my Lord, worthy your notice.

Mrs. *Cromwell*. Had not a fool rid thee, thou hadst
 known thy Duty better. So much for that, farewell. *Exit*.

Lady *Woodfleet*. Nay, good Mother. *Woodfleet*. Let
 her go, Sweetheart; the house will be the quieter, I profess.

Lady *Woodfleet*. She is my mother, my lord.

Woodf. And I'm your husband my lady, as I'm here I think
 so: I profess I know not any body cares for her company.

Lady *Woodfleet*. She does not come to trouble you, Sir.

Woodfleet. Yes, She does, I profess, and very much; I
 was just thinking of State-Affairs, and She has put all out
 of my head: The Committee have no reason to thank
 her, to my knowledge. Lady *Woodfleet*. Why, my Lord?

Woodfleet. Why, the Citizens are mad for a Free Parliam-
 ent, the Counties are all up; and is it not time to look
 about us, I profess?

Lady *Woodfleet*. Indeed, my Lord, you say right.

Woodfleet. If a Free Parliament sit once, what will be-
 come of Us, I profess we must secure our selves as
 well as we can: the *Rump* (as the Wicked call it) must
 and shall come in agen, I profess. Lady *Woodfleet*. What
 will become of your Friend the Lord *Berilam* then?

Woodfleet. I profess, I care not; your Mother takes me
 for a fool, but let me alone to deal my Cards, the Speaker
 and I are reconcil'd: But Sweet-heart, I profess I must be
 gon; I say no more, *Berilam*, *Stoneware*, and *Lockywhit* are
 Knaves, down-right Knaves, I profess they have fool'd me
 all this while, it will now turn to 'em, I profess, let 'em
 suffer.

H

Lady

Lady Woodfleet. I understood, my Lord, they were your Friends.

Woodfleet. But I have found 'em out; say no more, will you go in, Sweet heart? I profess I must be gon.

Lady Woodfleet. I obey you, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Bertlam, and Priscilla her Waiting Gentlewoman.

Lady Bertlam. I Wonder *Pris*, that none of the Modern Poets have been here with their Encomiums since thy Lord Went!

Priscilla. It may be *Helicon* is Dry'd up, or their Brains are turn'd Addle.

Lady Bertlam. Well, I'm resolv'd to make Him that brings me the first Copy *Poet Laureat*, provided he brings Victory in't: I will Dispose of my Places my self, and be *Lord Steward* my self, or it shall cost me a fall. *Lockwhit* for all his art shall never Carry it.

Priscilla. How, Her Highness become *Lord Steward*?

Lady Bertlam. No matter for that; Profit and Service will come by't: He have the ordering of all Places both above and below Stairs, and so give out to the people.

Priscilla. And good reason too, bir Lady.

Lady Bertlam. A Counsellor, a foolish fellow, at every end he calls me *Madam*.

Priscilla. Truly, there was one call'd me *Madam* too rother day. Lord, we Women are so frail! I thought my self to be a *Madam* in good Earnest.

Lady Bertlam. I *Pris*, thou mightst, and be proud on't; but I, I think am somewhat above that.

Priscilla. A Story, so please your Highness.

Lady Bertlam. I will have Eight Gentlemen Ushers, that *Puss Bess* had Foure; Two shall bear up my Train.

Priscilla. Rather Foure, and it shall please your Highness; that Petty-fogger *Loethur's* Wife had one, and as I'm a Christian, another foolish fellow went bare before her, no Connets could have been better Man'd—

Well

Well, it will come to my turn shortly, but that the Wicked *Rump* is fat; there lies my fear, Oh *Woodfleet*! *Woodfleet*! thou art stark noughr.

Lady Bertlam. What sayst thou, *Priss*?

Prissilla. I was thinking, and it please your Highness, what a Canary-bird *Woodfleet* was, to settle the *Rump*, the abominable *Rump*, and pretended so much love to my Lord and Master.

Lady Bertlam. His love is not Worth the enquiring after, Wench; as for the *Rump*, I smell 'tis stale already, and must be pepper'd when thy Lord returns; dost think Wench it shall have a sitting place then, no I warrant thee, he that jerk't it when he came out of the West, will do the like, when he comes out of the North.

Prissilla. I, and it shall please your Highness, if he return with Victory.

Lady Bertlam. Ne're fear it Wench, I have sent for *Lilly*, and Wonder he stays so long, 'tis such a Dreaming fellow.

Enter a *Servant* and Master *Lilly*.

Servant. Here's Master *Lilly*, an't please your Highness.

Lady Bertlam. How now *Lilly*, hast thou don what I Commanded thee?

Lilly. I have Examined the Zodiack, Searcht the 12 Houses, and by my powerful Art, put the whole regiment of gods and goddesses out of order, *Saturn* and *Jupiter* are by the Ears, and *Venus* will be rampant assisted by *Mars* the god of Battailes.

Priss. This makes for your Highness, I love Mischief with all my heart.

Lady Bertlam. How stands my Husbands fortune?

Lilly. In the Almathay of *Aries*, or as some others have it Salhay, being the head of *Aries*.

Lady Bertlam. *Aries*, what is that *Aries*?

Priss. A Monster, I Warrant it,

H 2

Lilly,

Lilly. 'Tis a signe, and signifies a Ram.

Lady Bertlam. You Rascal, Do you put the Horns upon my Princely Husband.

Prissilla. It may be a new peice of Heraldry.

Lilly. He's subtle, politick, and crafty.

Lady Bertlam. Thou hirst pretty well there.

Lilly. Then in the *Allothanie*, or (as some have it) *Alburto*, being the Tail of *Aries*, I find him eloquent, prodigal in necessity, proud, inconstant, and deceitful.

Lady Bertlam. Dost thou abuse me, Rascal.

Lilly. No such matter.

Prissilla. Alas! he means innocently, for these are virtues given to most of the Male-kind.

Lilly. He's there denoted to be fortunate in Warfare.

Lady Bertlam. Go on, Fellow.

Lilly. In *Adoldaya*, being the Head of *Taurus*.

Lady Bertlam. *Taurus*, What's that?

Lilly. A Bull.

Lady Bertlam. Darest thou Horn him again.

Lilly. 'Tis a Signe.

Prissilla. A very ill Signe, the Signe of the Bull: But he does not mean, and it shall please your Highness, the Town-Bull of *Ely*.

Lilly. Has your Lord a Mark or Mold upon his Members? If he has, he vanquishes his Enemies.

Lady Bertlam. He has that *Priss*, I'm sure on't.

Prissilla. You are best acquainted with his Secrets.

Lilly. For *Mars* being with the *Moon* in the *Sextile* Aspect, encourages men of War, and in the *Trine* promises Success.

Lady Bertlam. He love that *Trine* while I live for't.

Priss. I wonder where the Fellow got all these hard Words.

Lilly. Lose not an Inch of your State, lest you diminish the lustre of that Planet predominates. [*She struts in.*]

Lady Bertlam. Why Sirrah, you grow saucy. *Priss*, Let the Foot-boy pay the Fellow for his pains.

Lilly.

Lilly. I hope she does not mean to pay me with Kicks :
Is she angry ?

Prifs. No no, you have only put her in mind of her Majesty, she loves you ne're the worse for't; You must flatter her.

Lilly. I have been bred to't. I take my leave of your Highness.

Lady Bertlam. But take thy reward with thee: Thou art sure of what thou sayst ?

Lilly. As sure as if I had the Planets in my hand; a man can say no more.

La. Bert. Well, go thy ways, and if thy judgment falter, To second thy gold Chain expect a Halter. [*Exit Lilly.*]

Prifs. What dost thou think now ?

Prifs. How can I think amiss ? He's a notable Man: Ile get him into the Larder one time or other, and Ile make him show me all.

Lady Bertlam. Show thee all, Wench ! Out upon't.

Prifs. What, the Lilly and the Rose : I promise you, for ought I see, the Lilly is the best flower in your garden.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Here's a Letter from my Lord to your Highness.

Priscilla. Hast ne're a one for me from the Secretary ?

Servant. Yes, Mrs. *Prifs.* [*Exit Servant.*]

Priscilla. So, this Fellow is Saucy, I must take him down a button-hole lower. Good news, no doubt on't; and then we shall have such Bonafiring. Ile read my Switter-com Swatter-com's Letter anon. But, her Highness begins to look pale upon't; I do not like this changing Countenance.

Lady Bertlam. Thy Lord is Murder'd.

Priscilla. Then my honor goes to the Dunghill: A pox of *Lilly* and his legion of Devils.

H 3

Lady Bertlam,

Lady Bertlam. Murdered in his fame, his honour, the Souldiery have forsaken him.

Prissilla. If that be all, no matter Madam.

Lady Bertlam. Even call me what thou wilt.

Prissilla. I should have call'd you Highness, I confess, but I hope you are not offended; *Lilly* is a meer rogue, He never endure a *Lilly* hereafter, 'tis a flattering flower, and sinks abominably.

Lady Bertlam. He Writes me Word, hee'l be in Town this Night, he's sent for by the *Rump*.

Prissilla. Oh nasty *Rump*! But an't shall please your Highness, shall I seek out for eight proper Striplings to to man your Highness and four Spring-cits to trick up your Train, a *French* Taylor that has a yard thus long, a Cook whose Nose will not offend your Sawce by dropping in't, a Gentleman Sewer that can dance before your Dishes, an able Carver to cut up your Custards, a Taster that hath a sweet Breath and no rotten Teeth, a Baker whose hands is not mangy; who shall be Lord Chamberlain, Groom of the Stool, your Maids of honour, your Starcher, your Tyrer, Yeoman of your Cellar, Yeoman of your Panrey, Yeoman of your Pastrey, Clerk of your Kitchen, Clerk of the Roles? Lord, I'm even out of Breath with reckoning up your Servitors!

Lady Bertlam. How now Audaciousness!

Priss. Why, seriously I dreamt last night, an't please your Highness, that we have been but Princes in disguise all this while, and that our Vizors are now falling off; and who would think that Dreams should come to light so?

Lady Bertlam. Now could I tear my flesh, all my hopes are lost.

Priss. No, you say there's one a coming.

Lady Bertlam. How? this *Woodfleets* Wife will ore-top me.

Prissilla. Pull her eyes out, and then let a Dog lead her.

Lady

Lady Bertlam. Well, Ile do something.

Prissilla. Ile see your second so good, and 't please your Highness,

Exit.

Enter 3 or 4 Premises.

1 *Prentice.* Hy Boyes, the Noble General *Philagathus* lay at *Barnet* last night.

2 *Prentice.* Say 't thou so, Champion.

1 *Prentice.* And the pityful, dityful *Lambert*, one of *Donquixott's* Lords, is in the Tower. H'as been a Whipster all his Life time, and now is become a staid Gentleman.

2 *Prentice.* Well said, Champion.

1 *Prentice.* No more of that if you love me, Noble *Philagathus* must be the Cities Champion, Ile resign my Office, and yet be Loyal still.

Omnes. Who will not? who will not?

1 *Prentice.* Then you are my Boyes again; do you not observe how the Phanaticks are trotting out of town, some of the Rogues begin to mutiny?

2 *Prentice.* Hang 'em up then, I cry.

1 *Prentice.* So say I, by thousands; noble *Phylagathus* enters with love, and they go out with curses, or like the Snuffe of a Candle, stinckingly.

3 *Prentice.* I'm sure they have eaten our Masters up.

1 *Prentice.* Even to their Bowels, that Trading is become a meer Skelliton.

2 *Prentice.* Now I hope we shall see better days.

1 *Prentice.* Ne'r fear it Lads. *Philagathus* is right, and sound to the very Core.

2 *Prentice.* What will become of our Exchange-Merchant.

1 *Prentice.* What? he that turn'd part of the House of God into a Den of Theeves.

3 *Prentice.* The very same, the very same.

1 *Prentice.* Let him hang himself, and when he is cold, meat, the Divil carbanadoc him for a Break-fast: But heark

heark they are marching out, and [*Drums heard within.*]
Philagathus his honest Soldiers are coming in. Oh let's
 see um! let's see um.

Omines. By all means let's see um. *Exit. Running.*

ACT the V. SCENE the I.

*Enter Mrs. Cromwell and the Lady Bertlam; they meet
 at several Doors.*

Mrs. Cromwell. Bless my Eye-sight! what? her High-
 nelle without, her Train: Where is that pretious Bird thy
 Husband, Cag'd? His Wings are Clipt from flying: Faith
 now, this comes of Threachery: Had he been true to my
 Son *Dick*, he might have still continued honorable, and
 thou a Lady; and now I know not what to call thee.

Lady Bertlam. Thy rudeness cannot move me, I im-
 pute it to thy Want of Breeding.

Mrs. Cromwell. My Want of Breeding, *Mrs. Mincks.*

Lady Bertlam. We Cannot expect from the Dunghill
 odorous favours: Were our affections greater than they
 are, they merit not half the Contempt and Scorn pursues
 thy wretched Family, and the Memory of thy abhorred
 Husband.

Mrs. Cromwell. How durst thou name him but with re-
 verence: He that out-did all Histories of Kings or *Kea-
 sors*; was his own Herald, and could give Titles of Honor
 to the meanest Peasants; made Brewers, Dray-men,
 Coblers, Tinkers, or any body Lords: Such was his power
 no Prince ere did the like: Amongst the rest, that precious
 piece thy Husband was one of his making.

Lady Bertlam. Would we had never known these pain-
 ted Titles that are so easily washt off: [*Enter Woodfleet.*]
 But yonder comes the cause of all our miseries.

Woodfleet.

Woodfleet. Ne're go, yonder's my Mother; I profess, as I'm here, I'de rather meet, ne're stir, a Beggar in my Dish, so I had, as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwell. And, art thou there? Nay, ne're hide thy face for't, though thou mayst be asham'd of all thy Actions.

Woodfleet. Why I, forsooth Mother? I profess, ne're go, not I Mother, as I'm here.

Mrs. Cromwell. Call me not Mother: Thou hast ruin'd my Children, and thy self too, like a Fool as thou art.

Lady Bertlam. And me and my Husband, like a Knave as thou art.

Mrs. Cromwell. Would ever Coxcombe have committed such folly!

Lady Bertlam. Or ever Changling done the like! *Jack Adams* is a Man to thee.

Woodfleet. I profess, indeed law, you are strange folks, I profess, ne're go law: Cannot a man, as I'm here, pass the Street, I profess law? [*walks about the Stage, they follow*]

La. Bert. Hang thee, thou'rt good for nothing, [*ing him*]

Mrs. Cromwell. But fleeing and fooling.

Lady Bertlam. And how do you, forsooth? I profess.

Mrs. Cromwell. And truly, I know what I know, and there's an end,

Lady Bertlam. Of an old Song, Few words are best.

Mrs. Cromwell. Ne're go, I'm the greatest man in the Nation, I profess: I, ne're stir now: Think you what you will, forsooth Mother, as I'm here.

Woodfleet. I profess, ne're stir, as I'm here, there's no enduring it, law now, as I'm here; and therefore farewell, as I'm here, for I'll be gone, ne're stir now. *Exit running.*

Enter Prentices with Clubs.

2 *Prentice.* Non Champion, what think you of your General *Philagathus*?

1 *Prentice.* A rose on't, I know not what to think on't: Was ever such a Rape committed upon a poor She City before? Lay her legs open to the wide world, for every Rogue to peep in her Breech. I

3 *Prent.*

3 *Prentice*. 'Tis Monstrous!

2 *Prentice*. Is this the Cities Champion?

1 *Prentice*. Well, On my Conscience he's honest for all this: The plaguy *Rump* has done this Mischief: Well, Clubstand stiff to thy Master, some body shall suffer for't: I say no more.

2 *Prentice*. We shall be Coop'd up shortly for Hawks-meat in our Cellars, while they possess our Shops, and Feast upon our Mistresses.

1 *Prentice*. Well, Ile Warrant the Souldiery will be honest for all this, and then we'l Sindge the Maggots out of the louzy *Rump*, or else Swindge me.

Enter the 4th Prentice.

4 *Prentice*. News Boys, News.

1 *Prentice*. From whence, from *Tripulo*?

4 *Prentice*. From Guildhall, you Knaves: We shall have a Free Parliament.

Omnes. Hy, hy, hy. [*they make a shout.*]

4 *Prentice*. The General and the City are agreed, and he has promis'd it.

1 *Prentice*. Oh noble *Philagathus*!

2 *Prentice*. Brave *Phylagathus*!

3 *Prentice*. Honorable *Philagathus*!

4 *Prentice*. Renowned *Philagathus*!

1 *Prentice*. Now you Infidels, What think you now? Has your Fears and Jealousies left you, or will you still damn your selves up with dirty Suspicion. You that spoke even now you should be Coop'd up for Hawks-meat, shall be Cramm'd up for Capons; your Cellars shall become Ware-houses, your Shops Exchanges, and your Mistresses persons of honor.

Omnes. And, what shall we be?

1 *Prentice*. Squires of the Body: Honor sufficient enough for men of our rank, Gentlemen.

Omnes. Oh brave Champion!

1 *Prentice*. I tell you, I will have no more of that: Where is Lilly now?

2 *Prentice*.

2 *Prentice*. In one of the Twelve houses.

1 *Prentice*. We'll fire him out of 'em.

3 *Prentice*. How will the Man in the Moon drink Clarret then?

1 *Prentice*. Clarret is best burnt, Sir, by your leave.

3 *Prentice*. I, but *Lilly* has Eighteen houses.

1 *Prentice*. A Bakers dozen: we'll fire the odd end first.

Omnes. A Match, a Match; we'll do't.

1 *Prentice*. But now I think on't, we must have no firing of houses, there's a Statute against it: Better once Wife than never.

Omnes. Oh brave *Sack*!

1 *Prentice*. We'll be merry to night, I'm resolv'd on't, or else never let Prentices presume to be honest agen, and therefore follow me: God bless the General! *Exeunt*.

Enter Walker and Prissilla.

Prissilla. Now Secretary, where's your Titles now? Not so much as a title of 'em remaining, all sunk in the Sand-box.

Walker. I'm between *Silla* and *Carybdis*, I must confess; and thou hast gravell'd me, my dear *Priss*.

Prissilla. Hang your Dog Poetry, it made my Lord thrive so ill as he did: I think thou didst infect him; he us'd to have a Serene brain, and Courage good enough: Sure the Viccar of Fools was his Ghottly Father: Be beat without a blow, there's a mystery indeed!

Walker. Truly *Priss*, my Lord could not help it.

Prissilla. Not help it, there's a jest indeed, I'm sure he has helpt himself into prison for't, let who will help him out again. What course wilt thou take now, Secretary?

Walker. Not horse-courfing *Priss*, Ide have thee know that.

Prissilla. Why, thou'rt pretty well Timber'd for such an Employment. Canst thou make pens?

Walker. Yes, and Ink too *Priss*, I tell you but so.

I 2

Prissilla.

Prissilla. There will be a Trade indeed for thee.

Walker. Nay, and the worst come to the worst, I can reach to Dance. [*he frisks about.*]

Prissilla. I confess thy Sword is always Dancing.

Walker. That's the *Alamode* is learnt in *France*.

Prissilla. Come, if thou canst Dance so well, let's have a frisk, if thou dar'st.

Walker. Truly *Priss*, I have not my Pumps in my pocket.

Prissilla. 'Tis well thy Mother left thee Wit enough for an Excuse. [*he draws.*]

Walker. That is not all, look here, I can fence too---

Prissilla. What dost thou mean to do! — [*she starts.*]

Walker. Set your right foot forward, keep a Close guard, have an Eye to your Enemies point, extend your Arm thus. [*she runs and he follows her.*]

Prissilla. Lord, Lord, the man is mad sure.

Walker. Traverse your ground sometimes reverse, as thus: Give back then, come on agen, play with his point: If he makes a pass, put it by, make a home thrust thus, run him thorough, and he falls I Warrant you.

[*she screams.*]

Prissilla. Put up thy Fools-bawble there: I profess I'll call my Lady else. [*he puts up his sword.*]

Walker. Why, did it fright thee, *Priss*? seriously, I did but show thee what skill I had at my Weapon.

Prissilla. Thou wouldst make a rare fellow to fence before the Bears, if there were any.

Walker. Why, *Priss*? I dare say I can kill any man living that can't defend himself.

Priss. Ha, ha, ha! I am of thy mind, that can't Defend himself.

Walker. Why *Priss*, such as fight must take all Advantages.

Priss. And I that do not fight, will take the advantage to leave thee and thy foolery. *Exit.*

Walker. Nay, dear *Priss*, we're go I'll follow thee. *Exit.*
Enter

Enter Prentices with Faggots upon their Sholders, they pass the Stage whooping and howling.

Enter again whooping and howling with Rumps of Mutton upon Spits.

Omnes. Roast the Rump, Roast the Rump. Exit.

Enter a Boy upon a Colt-staffe carried by two, and others follow him whooping and howling.

1 Prentice. Silence, Silence, I say.

Omnes. Silence, Silence there.

*1 Prentice. Gentlemen all, I tell you plain,
My Rump does itch, and we shall have rain.
Exeunt whooping and howling.*

A piece of Wood is set forth painted like a pile of Faggots and Fire, and Faggots lying by to supply it.

Enter Prentices and Souldiers.

*1 Prentice. Come Gentlemen, you are Welcome,
Sit down, bring some Drink there, 'tis a night of Jubile,
we'll want no Drink while the Rump roasts.*

[a Form is set forth.]

Enter one with Drink.

*Here's a Health to your noble General. Racks are set out
Souldiers. Thank you, young Man. one turn the spit*

1 Prentice. Batte the Rump soundly. with Rumps on't.

*2 Prentice. It battes it self, it has been well ted, a Dog
take it: But pray give us some Drink too, we are almost
Dry roasted.*

Enter Frenchman.

*Frenchman. Begarr, dis be very lite night, me can find my
way to my loging, begarr very well if me not take a Cup to muth
by the way: Now garsoone, what be de matter vut you?*

Prentices. Some larshan for the Bonfire Monsieur.

*Frenchman. Bonfires! begarr me tirc de grand D'well
be in the bonfires: here garsoone, what be yin? Vut a vou done
larshan to de bonfire?*

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Musicians. We are Musicians, and will give you a Lesson *Monsieur*.

Frenchman. *A Lesson, dat be very good, begarr me love itt vitt all mine heart, alle alle vic moy to de bonfire, begarr furboone Company de Soulaate* [they go to the bonfire.] *dece Angletar, me love dem vitt all mine heart, play a lesson, or begar me vil brake a your Fiddells.*

Omnes. *Oh brave Monsieur!*

Frenchman. *Furboone begarr now give me de merry Song, me give you de Lariban.* Musicians play a short Lesson.

Souldiers. Have you this Song? *We came from Scotland.* Musicians. Yes, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill have a dat.*

*We came from Scotland with a small force,
With a hey down down a down a,*

But with hearis far truer then steel;

We got by my say,

The Glory oth' day,

Yet no man a hurt did feel:

[*All sing the tune, and throw their hats about their heads.*]

When Bertlam first our Army did face,

Hey down down a down a,

He look'd as fierce as the Devil;

We feared a Rout,

But he wheeled about,

The Gentleman was so Civil:

[*All sing the tune again.*]

Our General Marcht with the Countreys love,

VVith a hey down down a down a,

All persons to him did address;

Small money we spent,

For we found as we VVent,

Good friends, and here find no less.

[*Sing all again.*]

Frenchman. *Furboone, begar furboone, done moy de toder
Cup burn a de Rump.*

1 Prentice.

1 *Prentice*. That has been often done in your Countrey,
Mounſieur.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill dance about de Bonfire, come
vit me men.*

Omnes. Oh brave Mounſieur!

*They dance about the
Bonfire.*

Enter Priſcilla.

Priſcilla. Let my Lady ſay what ſhe will, I will ſee the
Bonfire.

Frenchman. *Begarr Metreſs you be a very fine Shentileve-
man, begarr me dance one time vitt you, nay begarr you noe ſerve
a me ſoe.*

Priſcilla. I cannot dance indeed, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill have on touch vitt you, Metreſs.*

1 *Prentice*. What, before all this Company, Mounſieur?

Frenchman. *Datt me vill begarr.*

Priſcilla. Well, if I muſt dance, play *Fortune my foe*.

1 *Prentice*. No, *Sellingens Round*, We are beginning the
World again.

Frenchman. *Me vill have none of dat, ma vill have a de
Corrant of de foot ſa ſaw, come Metreſs lend a [ſings a tune.]
me your hand, courage courage Metreſs. [they dance.]*

Priſcilla. Well, now indeed I muſt begon, Sir.

Frenchman. *Begarr me vill ſee you to your logging, pardon
a moy.*

Priſcilla. By no means, I ſhall be knockt oth' head then.

Frenchman. *Mee no care for dat, par ma moy adue lee von
remercy pour dis boone Company, adue petit garſoone.*

Omnes. *Adue Mounſieur.*

2 *Prentice*. What are you reſolved to do? Every man
to his home, or ſhall we make a Night on't.

Omnes. A night on't, a night on't.

1 *Prentice*. Come to the next Bonfire.

Omnes. To the next Bonfire, to the next Bonfire.

Exeunt. hooping and hallowing.

Enter Lockwhit, Stoneware, Huſon, and Deſborough.

Deſbr. We have played our Cards fair.

Huſon.

Hufon. I deny it, We have not played our Cards fair.
Stoneware. Bred Sirs, then yee have plaid then faw, and
 thats faw play geod feath, Sirs.

Lockwhit. A Fool had the shuffling of them, the game
 had gone better else.

Stoneware. The faw deel himself was Trump, Sirs; I think
 firs wee ha had nee geod luck, Sirs, this bout.

Lockwhit. We are lost Sirs, utterly lost.

Hufon. No Sir, we are found Sir, catcht in a Net of
 our own making.

Desbr. Thou wouldst give all the Shooes in thy Shop to
 be out of it.

Hufon. Is there no remedy my Lord *Lockwhit*?

Desbr. No remedy against the Kings Evill.

Stoneware. Bred, hees no Doctor, Sirs, hees my Noble
 Lyer Sirs.

Hufon. Whose Keeper of the great Seal now?

Desbr. Where will you find your 1000*l.* p. annum now.

Stoneware. Bred Sirs. doe yee give, do yee give? hees gait
 nought Sirs, neither of any the gifts I had geen me geod feath.

Desbr. Heark you Mr. Lawyer, have you ere a *Habu-*
lus Corpulentus to remove us from the Storm is coming?

Hufon. With a Syffers, Razer, or what a Divel do
 you call it.

Desbr. You are politick, will you sell a penny worth
 of Pollicy, Sir?

Stoneware. Bred, he had meere need buy some to save his
Cregg, Sirs.

Hufon. Come lets let's leave the Law in the Lurch,
 and every man shift for himself? Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Desbr. Adue! Mr. Lawyer.

Stoneware. Adue! Mr. Lyer.

Exeunt.

Lockwhitt. How monitrously have I expos'd my self to
 th' dirty Censure of the basest Creatures, things never
 mentioned but with scorn, and now I am become the
Thesis unto theirs? The very Cobler reads a Lecture to me
 and I'm convinc'd, I should amend my manners, and
 become

become Loyal Dictates long before Divinity discovered!
There's no sin like that we know, and that we surfeit in.

Enter Walker.

Walker. Do you want any Pens or Ink, Pens or Ink?
Will you Fence, or will you Dance? What Pens and
Ink do you want, Gentlemen?

Enter Priscilla with her Basket of Oranges and Lemmons.

Priscilla. Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons; fine civil
Oranges, fine Lemmons: Me thinks it sounds very well;
a pox of her Tallness for me, no matter, ne're repine
Wench, thy Trade's both pleasant and profitable, and if
any Gentleman take me up, I am still, Fine civil Oranges,
fine Lemmons.

Walker. Pens or Ink, Pens, Pens or Ink?

Priscilla. 'Tis he. — *Walker.*

Walker. *Pris*, my Dear *Pris*.

Priscilla. Why, how now Secretary, thou seest my
words are come to pass, I knew what a Lord thou wouldst
be: But Fortunes a Whore.

Walker. A whip take her: But shall we meet now: *Pris*?

Priscilla. I think we are met *Walker*, although unhappily.

Walker. I mean upon equal terms.

Stoneware. Will you buy a geodly Ballad, or a Scott Spur
Sirs, will we buy a geodly ballad, or a Scott Spur Sirs, any
thing to live in this World? Bred, if I should gang intoll my none
Counrey, my Cregg would be stretch two inches longer then
'tis: Will ye: buy a geodly ballad, or a Scott Spur Sirs, will a
buy a Line, a Jack-line, a Line a Jack Bertlams Line?

Walker. 'Tis the Lord *Stoneware*.

Priscilla. No more Lord then thy self, *Walker*: Let's have
some sport with him, Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons:
Will your Lordship buy any Lemmons and Oranges? Fine
civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Walker. Ink or Pens, Ink or Pens, will your Lordship
buy any Ink or Pens for the Committee of no Safety?

Stoneware. Bred a geod what a Whore and a Knave is this.

K

Enter

Enter Desborough.

Desbr. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips hoe, did ever Lord cry Turnips before ? But a pox of Lordship, would I had my old Farm over my head again, Turnips, Turnips Turnips hoe, Turn-up Mistreiss, and Turn-up the Maid, and who buyes my long Turnups ho !

Prissilla. He does it rarely well ; Fine Oranges, fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons.

Walker. Ink or Pens, Ink or Pens for the Lord *Desborough.*

Stoneware. Bred 'tis he indeed, these are Witches sure, how does your good Lady, Sirr ?

Desbr. What my Lord *Stoneware* ?

Stoneware. Ne bred a good I me ne meere a Loord then yer mtene self, my Honor is in the dust, Sirr.

Enter one eyed Huson.

Huson. Have you any old Boots or Shoes to mend, I have helpt to underlay the Government this 20. years, and have been upon the mending hand, but I fear now I shall be brought to my Last, & therefore ought to mind my end, will you buy Shoes for Brooms, or Brooms for Shoes ?

Prissilla. Or a Knave for a whip, or a whip for a Knave ? Fine civil Oranges, Fine Lemmons.

Walker. Ink or Pens, Ink or Pens, how do you my Lord ?

Huson. Dost mock me fellow ? Who are these ?

Stoneware. My good friend.

Desbr. Brother *Huson*, and how, and how ?

Huson. And what, and what ? and pox o' that, and that ; lets imbrace however.

Enter Mrs. Cromwell with Boyes after her.

Mrs. Cromwell. What Kitchen-stuffe have you Maids ? was ever Princeis brought to such a pass ? what Kitchen-stuffe have you Maids ?

Boy. Gammer *Cromwell*, our Maid calls you.

Mrs. Cromwell. Where you Rascall ?

Boy. In my ———

Mrs. Cromwell. You Rogue do you Kings down her Tub abuse me ? Ile claw your eyes out. and runs after him.

Exit,

Enter,

Enter again presently and takes up her Tub.

Mrs. Cromwell. Oh Dick! Dick! Did ever I think to come to this? What Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids, Maids have you any Kitchin-stuffe Maids?

Prissilla. Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons? Will your Ladyship buy any Oranges and Lemmons?

Ms. Cr. Dost thou mock me Bagigelle be at thee presently.

Walker. No indeed shee does not, 'tis *Priss* my Lady *Bertlams* Woman, and I am *Walker* her Secretary.

Mrs. Cromwell. How? Thou hast walkt fair indeed, where is her Highnesse now?

Priss. They say she intends to cry *fresh Cheese & Cream.*

Mrs. Cromwell. She has brought her hogs to a fair market.

Huson. And so we have all me thinks.

Mrs. Cromwell. What art thou there too?

Stoneware. Bred an *Ist bere ta*, and my good Loord Desborough, bred a good heeres eene a *Jolly Company.*

Mrs. Cromwell. It somewhat palliates my miserie. That afflictions yon like Sharers be.

Prissilla. Come let's mind our business, words are but wind. Fine civil Oranges, fine Lemmons. *Exit.*

Walker. Ink or Pens, Ink or Pens, will you buy any Ink or Pens? *Exit.*

Stoneware. Will yee buy a goodly Ballad, or a Scott Spurr, will yee buy a Jack-line a Jack *Bertlams* line, or a line for a Jack a *Bertlam.* *Exit.*

Desfr. Turnips, Turnips, Turnips hoe! Turn-up Mistress, and Turn-up Maid, and Turn-up my Cousin and be not afraid of a long, long, Red Turn-up ho. *Exit.*

Huson. Boots or Shooes, Boots or Shooes to mend? *Exit.*

Mrs. Cromwell. What Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids? what Kitchin-stuffe have you Maids? *Exit.*

Enter Lockwhir.

Lockwhir. I am a poor Lawyer Gentlemen, and can shew you *Legerdmain* for your mopy, no *Hocus Pocus* like me: I have two hands, neither of them disabled from taking fees; have you any causes to split? for that's my Doom.

Doom, my Bag is a Recepracle for them; I am for that Cause brings me most profit, be it good or be it bad; but indeed have been better experienced in the bad, and now would fain follow the good Cause and turn honest; but a man shall hardly grow rich then you'll say, and then 'twill vex a man.

*How e're Ile trye for to my greif I find
Riches ill got, do scatter with the Wind.*

Have you any work for a poor Honseell Lawyer, for a poor honest Lawyer, I am your next man, Gentleman.

Ambition and base Avarice, adae!

Howe're your Gt-yes seem, they are not true.

EPILOGUE.

Tis done, and now to Censure; But be just;
Th' Authors name's committed to your trust.
You have here in a MIRROUR seen the Crimes
Of the late Pageantry Changeling Times.
Let me Survey your Brows — They are Serene,
Not clouded, or disturb'd with what y'ave seen:
None whose grand Guilt appears taught to the quick.
And in Revenge wou'd gainst their MIRROUR kick,
Nor in a Corner can I one descry
Sneaking, that dare give Bellarmine the Lie.
So that we do conclude, the Authors fear
Is now remov'd; there's no Phanatick here.
You are a glorious Presence, cleer as Day,
And innocent as Buds that sprout in May.
'Tis you must gild our Hemisphere, and give
A life to us who willingly would live.
Then, if you please to grant us our Request,
Signe us your Servants, and we'll do our best.

THE END.

